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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

Vol. 73 - Year 1944

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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

VOL. LXXIII

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THE
WOODSTOCK
LETTERS

VOL. LXXIII NO. 1 MARCH, 1944

JOHN BAPTIST FERRERES, S. J.

An American Appreciation

CHARLES J. MULLALY, S. J.

An interesting news item has come from Spain. The Process has been started in the Archdiocese of Valencia for the beatification of the distinguished moral theologian and internationally known author, Father John Baptist Ferreres, S. J. This gifted scholar and brilliant writer was one of many Jesuit victims of the "Bolshevik Fury" that raged in Spain from 1934 to 1938.

The great moralist was a charming, loveable man. He was the fulfilment of the Spanish word *simpatico*. Though eminent for learning and a strenuous worker, he was ever easy to approach and was never too busy to lay aside book or pen to greet with a welcoming smile any priest, scholastic, or Brother who came to consult him. He was the soul of kindness and charity.

I first met Father Ferreres in October, 1908. I had been sent to Spain for my theological studies. In the old *Colegio del Jesus*, in Tortosa, he was minister of the theologians, and he greeted me with a smile of priestly interest and warmth of affection that immediately won my heart. One knew at a glance that there was no guile, no insincerity in the man. He radiated cheerful, spiritual happiness. During my four years at Tortosa I learned to know and admire the saintly Jesuit, and he assisted me at my first Mass.

For some twenty-two years after I left Spain we were in close touch by letters.

He was unsurpassed as a lecturer in moral theology and canon law. It was almost impossible to distract yourself in his class, for he could make the driest passages of a text-book assume a clearness, a vividness, and a reality that caught your attention and held you almost spellbound. He was a perfect actor. His eyes sparkled, his kind, broad face showed every depth of emotion as he presented the text in case form and made the characters live and act their parts. When you left his lecture-hall the vivid cases remained indelibly fixed in your memory, while the definitions and applications had assumed crystal-like clearness. He never read the text to his class; he enthusiastically recited it from memory, then paraphrased it, and quickly presented a dramatic, explanatory case.

During periods assigned to repetitions of his lectures he sat smiling contentedly and nodding his head approvingly, or kindly suggesting a clearer answer to a difficulty. While he was endowed with a charming simplicity he could freeze in an instant to priestly reserve if the occasion demanded it.

It was during the days of examinations of his students that you could read the kindly soul of Father Ferreres. He was not thinking of himself, but of their success. Until the last report of the examiners was given to the Rector he was restless and seemed unable to concentrate on his work. When word reached him that all had passed in "The Volume" or in the "Ad audiendas" he beamed with smiles of happiness; but if someone had failed, he was tenderly sympathetic: "Poor T. has failed; he became confused. He studied hard, but he was probably tired."

Father Ferreres never seemed to consider his own convenience. Though he was stout and found stair-climbing a strain, and it left him puffing and panting for breath, he lived contentedly on the top floor and would gladly walk down to the lower floors and back if the convenience or happiness of some one was helped by his doing so. I can vividly recall an instance of

his willingness to serve others. I had gone to his room to ask if he, as minister of the theologians, had any postal cards. He regretted that he had none, but assured me that he would soon have some from the supplies downstairs. Some minutes later, when I was in my room in the extreme corner of the top floor of the building and far from his room, I heard his familiar, shuffling step and panting shortness of breath. He had not considered his own convenience, but mine: he had gone downstairs to obtain the postal cards and to bring them to me.

He was the personification of the cheerful ascetic. For a year I lived next to his room and I had an opportunity to study him closely. I knew that he was up before the rising bell at five o'clock, that he made his morning visit to the Blessed Sacrament and was faithful to his meditation and examinations of conscience. I could hear his frequent devout ejaculations. There was no ostentation to his piety; it was simple and childlike. One soon knew that this profoundly learned Jesuit was a fervent religious and that he had a deep and tender love for the Society.

He was ever an inspiration to us. He followed carefully an order of time and, though he had a prodigious memory, he spent at least two hours on the immediate preparation for a class-prelection. He seemed never to lose a moment, but was busy writing his monthly commentary on moral theology and canon law for the Jesuit review, *Razon y Fe,* or working on a new book, or answering his heavy correspondence from bishops and priests. He spent only ten minutes a day on the newspaper, and that in order to give the theologians, in their evening recreation, a summary of what was happening in the world. While he took a daily short walk with one of the faculty and went to the nearby villa for dinner on Thursday, the holidays meant more time for study and writing. The Christmas and Easter vacation he spent at home; during two weeks in August he went with the theologians to their villa and then returned to his constant and

absorbing labors. It was this devotion to study and work that inspired the scholastics to imitate him.

In looking back through my nearly fifty years in the Society of Jesus I can say that I never met any priest that typified better the ideal Jesuit: a man of profound learning, widespread spiritual influence, and solid sanctity. If I were asked to point out the outstanding virtue of Father Ferreres I should unhesitantly say that it was fraternal charity. To the sick in the infirmary he came as a ray of sunshine, in recreation his merry laugh was that of the joyful ascetic who personified charity in word and deed. I cannot recall him speaking, at any time, unkindly of others or being caustically critical in class or outside. When unsought honors came to him he remained the same humble, loveable priest who delighted to be in the classroom with his students. Father Ferreres was an extraordinary man and a true son of St. Ignatius. He was strong in his love for the Church, and stronger when called upon to die for Christ in a Bolshevik prison in Valencia, Spain.

John Baptist Ferreres was born on November 28, 1861, in the town of Ollería among the orange groves of the diocese of Valencia. After his early studies he was admitted to the archdiocesan seminary of St. Thomas of Villanova in Valencia. He immediately showed that he possessed a prodigious memory and keen analytical powers of mind and, though there were such brilliant students in his class as the future Cardinal Reig and the future Bishops Laguarda, Muñoz, Vila, and Doménech, young Ferreres was outstanding. After his ordination to the priesthood and the completion of advanced studies he surprised his friends and ecclesiastical superiors by requesting permission to become a member of the Society of Jesus.

He entered the novitiate of the Aragon Province on June 30, 1888. When his noviceship days at Veruela were completed we find him reviewing his philosophy and theology, and later teaching at Orihuela and Saragossa, at the same time pursuing special courses in the public university. Then came his tertianship,

and his profession of the four vows on August 15, 1900. He was now appointed professor of moral theology at the *Collegium Maximum* (*Colegio del Jesus*) in the ancient city of Tortosa, on the banks of the Ebro river and only a few miles from the Mediterranean Sea. It was from here that his fame was to spread to all parts of the world.

From 1918 to 1924 he was called away from the *Collegium Maximum*, then at Sarriá, Barcelona, to go to Rome for work on the Institute of the Society of Jesus. A revision was made necessary by the new code of canon law. During this period, however, his pen was never idle and his great labors continued.

When King Alfonso fled from Spain, on April 14, 1931, the Republic was proclaimed and sad days came to the Society of Jesus and to the Church. The Church was disestablished and the property of the Society was confiscated. Ours had to leave the country or, if any remained, they knew that they were facing the danger of death from the Communist and Socialist elements that were daily becoming more and more powerful.

Father Ferreres stayed in Barcelona. I received various letters from him; the last was sent to me on September 1, 1934. That was a month before the "Bolshevik Fury" broke loose after the inclusion of three Catholic Popular Actionists in the new cabinet of Alejandro Lerroux. Churches and convents were burned and blood was shed. In February, 1936, the Bolshevik element won or, as was claimed, stole the department election, deposed President Zamora, and assassinated José Calvo Sotelo, the Catholic leader of the Monarchist party. Spain was now in the hands of God-hating Communists and Socialists, and law and order were gone from the land. The revolt under General Francisco Franco against the Madrid Government began on July 17, 1936.

The Communists now systematically attempted to exterminate the Catholic Church. The skies were aglow from burning churches, convents, and schools; the streets were red with the blood of murdered priests and Religious. Father Ferreres found himself forced

to seek refuge here and there to avoid the blood-thirsty priest-hunters. He was seventy-five years old, broken in health, and weighed down with infirmities. He feared to compromise his friends and decided to seek safety in his native province of Valencia.

As he passed through Tortosa, on his way southward, he had his last view of the old Francisean monastery, built about 1734, and which had been loaned by the bishop to the Society for use as a house of theology. Father Ferreres had taught there during many years before the *Collegium Maximum* had been moved to Sarriá, in Barcelona. From that old building in the Ebro Valley he had seen his students go forth as priests to various parts of the world. There must have been moments of consolation in his thoughts of the past. He probably did not know that two of his former students, Fathers John Rovira and Francis Audí, and Brothers Charles Moncho and Joseph Llatje had been slain for the Faith in those narrow streets where he had so often heard fervent peasant men and women chant in procession, the "Rosary of the Aurora."

He reached the city of Valencia. He was soon discovered by the priest-hunters and hurried to an improvised prison. The sentence of death would be a mere formality. It came, but the strain of his dangerous flight from Barcelona, his increased infirmities, and the brutal treatment he had received from his captors left him paralyzed from the hips downward. The fiendish enemies of God dragged the helpless old man on a mattress to a waiting automobile. It was to be death by a firing squad; but the mattress would not fit into the car. Exasperated, they flung the mattress and the dying Jesuit back into the prison, where his pure soul went joyfully to God after a fellow priest had secretly given him the holy Sacraments.

Thus died Father John Baptist Ferreres, S. J., eminent scholar, consultor of the Holy See, author of some thirty learned works, and loyal son of St. Ignatius and of the Church. His cause is one of about fifty other processes introduced in various dioceses of Spain for

the beatification of members of the Society who are known, from reliable testimony, to have been put to death for the Faith. There were many others of Ours who died for Christ, but witnesses are wanting or circumstances are still unknown of how or where they were slain. In those bloody days from 1934 to 1938, hundreds of thousands of defenseless Catholics—priests, Religious, and lay persons—were ruthlessly slaughtered in the Communist effort to destroy the Catholic Church in Spain. Let this brief tribute to one of their glorious band express our gratitude and our holy pride in them all.

THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF JESUIT WORK IN THE BOWERY DISTRICT

DOMINIC A. CIRIGLIANO, S.J.

We thought it might prove interesting to reconstruct, for benefit of the present generation of the Society in America, the religious, moral, and political aspects of the neighborhoods in which our early Fathers worked in New York City. We shall restrict our study to lower Manhattan, for it was in this section that the pioneer work was accomplished.

In 1685, Fr. Harvey established in this district the first Catholic school for higher learning, which was afterwards suppressed by the English Protestant authorities as "a menace to public peace and safety." Much later, in 1809, Fr. Anthony Kohlman started a boarding school with only four boarders and thirty day students at Prince and Mulberry Streets, near the Bowery. In 1841, Fr. Larkin laid the foundations of the future St. Francis Xavier College on Elizabeth Street near Walker, one block from the Bowery—and afterwards in 1847 he moved his school to the upper Bowery between 11th and 12th Streets. It was also one block from the Bowery, on Elizabeth Street near Bleecker, that in 1892 Fr. Nicholas Russo, S. J., started the church of Our Lady of Loretto for the Italians, at a time when Big Tim Sullivan reigned supreme in this neighborhood of filthy morals and rotten politics. Finally, in 1917, Jesuits took over the Nativity Church on 2nd Avenue, east of the Bowery, between 2nd and 3rd Streets. At this time, in the year 1917, gangdom was still rife in the Bowery district and bomb-throwers settled their grudges not with guns but with bombs.

The First Jesuits in this District

As the Woodstock Letters are historical documents, it seems that a record of the conditions under which our Fathers worked in Lower New York for a century

and more should find a place in their pages, before the once notorious Bowery and its gangs and gang warfare pass into happy oblivion.

Fathers Thomas Harvey, Henry Harrison and Charles Gage came from England in 1685, at the request of Gov. Dongan of New York, to convert the Iroquois Indians. As the difficulty of mastering the Indian dialect was very great, they first established themselves on the tip of Lower Manhattan, now Bowling Green, and started a college.

The future city of New York was then a Dutch settlement surrounded by a stockade running the full length of the present Wall Street. This stockade was built as a protection against the Indians who were encamped a little farther north, around a good size lake—later called Collect Pond or Lake, and bounded roughly by Canal and Pearl Streets on the north and south and by Mulberry and Elm Streets on the east and west. The grim old Tombs prison now stands where its waters once rippled—and New York's civic center covers what were once marshes, and thickets and streams. This lake had two outlets. One, along Canal Street, to the southeast, lost itself in the marshy meadows before entering the Hudson. The other ran southeastward along the present Roosevelt Street, through a smaller marsh known as the Old Wreck Brook, into the East River.

The Indians camped and feasted on the shores of Collect Lake. Their canoes came up the brooks from the Hudson and the East River, often bringing quantities of oysters and clams which squaws dried and hung up for winter use. Southward along the low ridge that lay east of the pond ran an Indian trail to the tip of the island, following pretty closely the line of our modern Bowery and Broadway. The trail ended at Chatham Square, at the foot of a slope that gave a sweeping view of today's financial district which was a wooded lowland, and of the waters that bounded it, as well as of the shores of Jersey and Long Island. Canoes stealing up the bay and along either of the rivers, or signal smokes, or the reek of camp fires

within a ten mile radius were all under the eye of the watcher at that point,—long called Lookout Point. On Grand Street, between Center and Broadway, was another high mound commanding an extensive view to the west and southwest across the meadows to the Hudson; while just east of this mound was a still higher knoll known variously as Bayard's Mount, Pleasant Mount or Bunker Hill. This was to be the scene of many future battles and brawls and outbreaks of gang warfare.

In course of time these hills were levelled. The streams and swamps and lake were filled in by the dirt and debris. Streets were built over them, homes and buildings were erected and finally, as if by magic, the sky-scrapers arose to form today's Broadway with its constant traffic and rumbling subways, the center of the world's finances. Here ran Canal Street where Robert Fulton built his first steam boat and sailed it through Lespenard Meadows into the Hudson. As late as 1870 it was common for people to row east and west from river to river along this thoroughfare—hence its name Canal. Even today water has to be pumped out constantly to stop it from flooding the subways. Here too ran the Bowery which has been called the oldest and (since it formed the beginning of the Old Boston Post Road) the longest street in the United States.

Under the patronage of Governor Dongan, who was an Irish Catholic, Father Harvey's classical school prospered for several years. It numbered among its students sons of the most influential families, both Catholic and Protestant.

Expulsion in 1689

When news of the overthrow of James II and of the Catholic regime in England reached America, in 1689, consternation fell on the minds of all. Wild rumors flashed through the little city that the Catholics of Maryland and of other places were plotting an attack on New York. Governor Dongan fell under the criticism and suspicion of the Protestant majority.

He became alarmed and fled to England, leaving the city without a Governor. Jacob Leisler, a wealthy young German, took advantage of this excitement. He made himself head of the militia, seized the England fort on Bunker Hill (now Mulberry Bend Park), routed the Red-Coats, and proclaimed himself not only Governor, but champion of Protestantism as well. He immediately began to wage war against the Catholics. He banded together the Protestant elements, clapped into prison all who professed loyalty either to the deposed King of England or to the Pope of Rome, and enacted severe laws expelling the Jesuits and all Catholic priests from the island. These were branded as "Incendiaries, disturbers of the public peace and safety, and enemies to the true religion."

Father Harvey's College was especially attacked as having been established for some bad design "under the pretext of teaching Latin." The College had to close up. Governor Leisler was so virulent against the "Papists" that in 1696 there were only nine Catholics left on the whole island, and these had to practise their religion in secret.

The Second Beginning

One hundred and twenty years later, in 1809, a second Jesuit School was started close to the Bowery by Father Anthony Kohlman, on Mulberry Street near Prince. Archbishop Carroll requested that Father Kohlman be transferred from Georgetown to New York as administrator of the diocese until the new Bishop should arrive from Rome. Father Anthony, as he was affectionately called, began the boarding school of higher learning with pockets empty, but with his heart full of trust in Divine Providence.

The slums were just starting in Lower Manhattan in 1809. For three quarters of a century previously, New York had centered about the Bowery. The growing city was divided into two essentially different social classes, "the well-to-do," and the "paupers." The aristocracy, numbering such families as the Roosevelts, the Janeways, the Stuyvesants, the De-

lancys, the Van Cortlands, with their well kept lawns, vineyards and extensive farms, resided east of the Bowery. Each farm or estate was called by the Dutch word "Bouweri" which meant a large portion of partly cleared land, free, equipped with a house, barn, stables and farming implements. George Washington had made his New York headquarters in one of these Boweries, at number 1 Cherry Street, at present just under the Brooklyn Bridge. The whole section contained seven such large estates and its main street was styled the Bowery.

Moral, Political and Religious Conditions

The poorer classes lived west of this thoroughfare, with their cheap houses, dingy taverns, odorous butcher shops, noisy tanneries, slaughter-houses, and blacksmith shops. Antagonism between the wealthy on the East side and the poor on the West side soon arose and grew bitter as time rolled on, making the Bowery and its adjacent streets, for nearly a century, the scene of the fiercest brawls and bloody strifes between the so-called "native Americans," who were of the aristocracy, and the "foreigners," mostly Irish Catholics, of the poorer classes.

Two items, a race-course and a tenement house, contributed principally to send the Bowery tumbling down its immoral path, and molded its future notorious character. The Maiden Head Race Course, built in 1787 and covering the ground where the Knickerbocker Village now stands, attracted for years the undesirables from all over the city and from elsewhere and spawned gambling houses, cheap saloons, and immoral resorts all around its course. It was denounced roundly by the better elements of the city but to no avail. The second item was Coulter's tenement, called the "Old Brewery."

The story of this building is almost incredible. It was erected in 1792 as a five-story tenement in the Five Points district, right in the heart of the Bowery. It became the most notorious tenement in the history of the city, and was afterwards dubbed the "Den of

Thieves." For almost fifty years this tenement swarmed with thieves, murderers, pickpockets, beggars, harlots, and degenerates of every type. It housed at one time over 1,000 men, women, and children, both whites and blacks, with no furniture whatsoever, with only the bare floor to eat from during the day and to lie upon, huddled like animals, during the night. A stranger could scarcely expect to enter that den of iniquity and come out alive. It was estimated that for fifteen years the horrid tenement averaged a murder a night. Children were born here who lived into their 'teens without enjoying God's sunshine or breathing God's pure air, for it was as dangerous for a resident of the Old Brewery to leave his refuge as it was for an outsider to enter the building. Graves were even dug in the cellars to bury their dead. Charles Dickens gives a vivid description of this "hell-hole" in his American Notes for 1842. To quote a passage: "Even pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright instead of going on all-fours, and why they talk instead of grunting?" This moral cancer infested the whole neighborhood for over half a century. When the "Old Brewery" was torn down in 1852 the workmen carried out several bags of human bones, found between walls and in cellars and secret passages.

Such was the character of the neighborhood in which Father Kohlman and four Scholastics started their school in 1809. The political and religious situation was equally bad. Bigotry was rampant. Politics and religion were fanatically ensnarled. When the Constitution of the United States was drafted, the signers assured freedom of worship for all, but on the Bowery, as elsewhere, zealots soon arose who confounded nationality with sectarianism and styled themselves "Defenders of the Republic" or "True Blue" Americans. They were haunted by visions of Irish hordes sweeping through our gates and turning our country into a bedlam of aliens dominated by the Pope.

Curiously enough, it was Tammany Hall which in those days harbored the zealots of this type, mostly

English Protestants who hated the Catholics and everything connected with them; and, paradoxically enough, Tammany Hall was founded in 1789 by a man named Mooney. One of its original laws provided that "no person shall be eligible for the office of Sachem unless a native of this country." Since the Irish were foreign born, they were excluded from the supreme office and, in fact, for a long time no Irish Catholics could obtain any office. This irritated the Irish. They banded together against those who would frustrate their efforts to participate in civil life. From then on, till after the Civil War, there were fierce strifes, bloody battles and civil riots.

It was Thomas Jefferson who trimmed the sails of Tammany's ship to the political wind. He was shrewd enough to see that a Catholic vote was as good as a Protestant vote, so he tore down the bars of Tammnay Hall and admitted the Irish into its doors, much to the horror of his opponents. Through him universal suffrage came about in 1826. The Democratic Party gradually became the Party of the poor man and more and more Irish joined the Party—until in later years they got complete control of Tammany Hall. But theirs was a struggle that lasted a century. At first it was the "Bowery Boys" against whom they fought; then the "Know Nothings" (1842-1870) ; finally the A.P.A.'s (American Protective Association).

A description of the intense social unrest of those days may prove of interest. The "Bowery Boys" were an off-shoot of the pristine Tammany Hall—which was, as we said, anti-Irish, anti-British, anti-Catholic, anti-anything that was foreign and unfamiliar. They were strictly political in the beginning; but after awhile they welcomed into their ranks any forces that could help them against the Irish.

The Irish group, fiercely intent on obtaining civil and religious freedom, centered around a faction of the Roach Guards. The Guards though outwardly military, were disrupted internally by religious issues. One night at a meeting in a Five Points grocery store (where more gin and whiskey were sold than gro-

ceries) the assembly broke up in a brawl. Clubs and brick-bats flew and among the missiles hurled was the carcass of a dead rabbit. The Irishmen at whom it was thrown representing the religious tolerance group—took this carcass as a symbol. They formed themselves into a separate group and called themselves the "Dead Rabbits". A dead rabbit was carried, impaled on their banners in all the subsequent frays and brawls.

Gangsterism Before the Civil War

The number of pre-Civil War gangs was legion. But they were all more or less connected with "the Bowery Boys" or the "Dead Rabbits." All were trying to get control of the city, politically, financially, religiously. Never a week passed but these gangs waged their bitter feuds. Sometimes the battles raged for three or four days without cessation. The streets of the gang area, namely the Bowery, Five Points, and Bunker Hill (adjacent to Fr. Kohlman's school) were barricaded with carts and paving stones, while the gangsters blazed away at each other with musket and pistol or engaged in close work with teeth and fists, knives, and bludgeons.

To give a sample of one of these brawls. On a Sunday evening, June 21, 1835, a thug dumped the apple cart of a poor Irish woman. A scrimmage soon started, reinforcements came for both sides. Clubs and crowbars came into play. The battle lasted all night, in the streets, in homes, in taverns. Windows were smashed, chairs hurled, heads broken, clothing torn, houses burnt. The battle lasted for two days. Then the whole of the police department was called to the scene with instructions to use their clubs freely. These soon dispersed the hostile mobs, but the hostility remained more bitter than ever.

When one hears of gangs and gang warfare, one naturally thinks that these riotous doings were carried on only by men. This may be true in our modern version of gangdom, but in the early Bowery days "the female of the species was more deadly than the male."

It was the women frequently who started the outbreaks of violence. The women stood on the fringe of the crowd, their arms filled with reserve ammunition, watching the tide of battle; and if the tide went against their men they themselves pitched into the fray, literally with tooth and nail, and fought more ferociously than the men. They asked no quarter and gave no quarter; they used every instrument of torture that they could wield, brickbats, clubs, knives, guns. They sharpened their teeth to bite, and put on long, pointed brass finger tips to claw. Among the most notorious of these amazons was a woman with the redoubtable name of "Hell-cat Maggie." She fought with the Dead Rabbits against the Bowery Boys in many a street battle. When "Hell-cat Maggie" screeched her battle-cry and came rushing, biting and clawing, into the mass of opposing gangsters, even the most stout-hearted ran for their lives.

If, however, the Bowery Boys had their dreaded nemesis in "Hell-cat Maggie," the Dead Rabbits had their wrathful Achilles in the greatest gangster of the century, Mose the Bowery Boy. The wrath of Achilles against the Trojans was as a smoking candle to a puffing chimney when compared to the rage of Mose against the Dead Rabbits. Mose combined in himself the destructive wrath of the Greek demigod and the superhuman strength of Hercules. He flourished in the 'Forties and his name became legendary for daring feats and deviltry. Woe and desolation came upon the opposing gangs when Mose leaped into their midst and began to kick and stamp and slug and tear. If we are to believe the accounts, Mose was eight feet tall and broad in proportion. He wore a hat two feet in diameter and had hands as large as Virginia hams. His strength was as the strength of ten, but not because his heart was pure. Other Bowery Boys went into battle carrying brickbats and ordinary staves, but Mose when accoutered for the fray bore in one hand a great paving stone and in the other a wagon tongue of hickory or oak. When the Dead Rabbits closed in on his gang, Mose would rip huge paving blocks from

the street and hurl them. As time went on, Mose the Bowery Boy became the inspiration of all gangsters. His feats of valor were imitated by thugs, sung by would-be poets, and dramatized by Bowery actors. His name was a battle-cry in fierce feuds from 1840 till long after the Civil War. It is now a dim memory revived only by historians and those interested in the old-time Bowery gangdom.

"The New York Literary Institution"

Fr. Kohlman soon realized that the neighborhood was no longer suitable for his growing little school—so he bought a piece of property—"away out in the country" as he wrote—the present New York Cathedral property, which extended then to Fourth Avenue. He built a school there, transferred the students, appointed Fr. Benedict Fenwick, S. J., its first principal, while he himself continued to live in Mulberry Street to care for the needs of the two parishes under his care, Saint Peter's on Barclay Street and Saint Patrick's Old Cathedral, between Broadway and the Bowery. This new school was called "The New York Literary Institution."

Bigotry and Violent Reaction

The religio-racial question was the burning topic of the times. The old stock Dutch and Anglo-Saxons considered themselves the only real Americans while others were "aliens" flooding our shores and dominated by the Pope. The spirit of antagonism was constantly surcharged as an electric field between opposite poles. It needed but a spark to bring together the Irish, who predominated, and the socalled "true Americans" for a terrific explosion. Hence political and religious riots were rampant during the decade of 1830 to 1840.

Few elections were had without bloodshed; few religious gatherings, especially Catholic, took place without taunts and jibes and insults from hostile elements. The whole country was in the throes of unrest, of growing pains, of the friction of readjustment to new conditions. Hundreds and thousands of paupers and

criminals were being dumped on our shores by almost every country of Europe. It was cheaper by far for these countries to pay a single fare to America than to support the diseased, the crippled, the feeble-minded, the criminals, the degenerate, for the remainder of their years in their own home-land. Hence the American melting pot, into which both good and bad were thrown, began to boil and to steam and to run over even in those early days. The American government had a real problem on its hands. Unfortunately, no real attempt was made to distinguish, among the immigrants, between the worthy and the unworthy.

Though the government itself offered America as a haven for all peoples, still it connived at the formation of secret societies all over the country, whose expressed purpose was the realization of a very different spirit in the civil life of the nation. These societies, filled with intense bigotry, with different names at different times, formed themselves into political organizations whose avowed principles were: 1. the proscription of the Roman Catholic religion; 2. the exclusion of all foreign born from any office, municipal, state or federal; 3. the Irish, particularly the Catholic Irish were to be denied citizenship, unless after fourteen years of probation they would renounce allegiance to the Pope in ecclesiastical matters; 4. Catholic children were to be debarred from the public schools. The Government also winked at the fact that Catholics and foreigners were being denounced openly in Protestant pulpits as enemies of the Republic, that scurrilous books and pamphlets were being circulated to arouse mob passion, that Catholic bishops and priests were maligned, their religion misrepresented and ridiculed, that acts of violence were committed against Catholics and their property burned.

In self defense the Irish of New York formed a militia of their own—under the titles of "The Emmet Guards", "The Irish Rifles", "The Irish-American Guards"—almost all of whom were later joined into the famous Ninth and Sixty-Ninth Regiments. Naturally, with feeling running so high, gangs and gang-

sters were employed on both sides to further the designs of each. And so the underworld became an important factor in the rotten politics, religious riots, gross immorality, and widespread drunkenness of the times.

Fr. Larkin's School in the Bowery

These conditions obtained in their highest degree when Fr. Larkin, S. J. was commissioned in 1847 by Archbishop Hughes to open a College in the heart of the city. Fr. Larkin, aided financially by Divine Providence in a marvelous manner, bought an old Protestant Church on Elizabeth Street, near Walker, in the very center of the Bowery district and started classes in the basement of the edifice. He called his school after "The Holy Name of Jesus". Since these events are chronicled elsewhere in the Woodstock Letters (Vol. III, 139) and since we are now concerned principally with the moral and religious aspects of the neighborhoods in which our Fathers worked, let us examine why the Bowery reached its climax of depravity during the years 1845 to 1860—and continued to enjoy this notoriety till long after the year 1900.

Since New York City was the principal American seaport in those days, it naturally became the emporium of all the heterogeneous elements that make up American life today. All the white races were coming to our shores—Nordic, Latin, Semitic, Slavic, Dutch, English, Irish, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Italian, Russians. Negroes, also, mostly fugitives from the slavery of the South, came to New York and settled among the whites. The Chinese came and settled around Pell Street, forming the beginnings of the future Chinatown. The Jews settled east of the Bowery in the section afterwards called "The Ghetto". The Italians centered in the neighborhood four blocks square, which became the later Mulberry Bend Park. The Irish were more towards the north, around the Old St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Germans settled down variously, but especially east of Second Avenue, which section was afterwards called "German Village."

By 1845 the Bowerie Village had died out as a coun-

try resort. The slums took its place. Cheap boarding houses admitted the riff-raff of the world. Each boarding house in turn became a place where schemes were concocted to corrupt the unwary and from whence flowed streams of moral filth that disgraced the city. Many a young boy, like Oliver Twist, was taught by a shrewd Fagin to steal, to peddle dope, and bring home the earnings. Many a young girl, even in her teens, was exposed to white slavery. The result was corruption and more corruption, absolutely unchecked.

The Bowery, even before the Civil War, as far back as 1830, with its fanciful illumination at night by myriad whale oil lamps, gave promise of what it was to be in future years. Squawkers invited the public to review the freaks in the lobby, while thousands of people thronged the sidewalks each night, all out for "a good time". With its flashy girls standing on street corners selling popcorn and fried oysters, with its low politicians running immoral "joints" and gambling houses to buy votes at election time, it became in a short time and continued to be till long after 1900 the rendezvous of morbid pleasure-seekers from the world over. Drunken sailors just off the boat for a short furlough, young girls wishing to be hired as dancers in cheap cabarets, thugs from other cities desirious of a more lucrative scene, all filtered to this human sluice-way, the Bowery.

The police could not cope with the gangs and gang warfare. They themselves had often to run for their lives and hide in cellars and alleys to avoid being maimed. These gangs usually started with petty thieveries, but as time went on they fought for anything and everything that the turbulent times made an issue, whether lucrative, religious, social, or political.

Beer gardens, mostly run by Germans, were the seeds of gangdom. At first they were respectable, where German families would go of a Sunday to drink their beer, five cents for a large mug, with a generous free lunch thrown in. Sonorous German bands, pianos, harps, violins, card tables, girls in their 'teens serving

in variegated costumes, with tiny bells dangling from the tassels, attracted crowds not only on holidays but every night as well. This kind of business was profitable, so profitable that for a long time there was a beer garden on almost every corner of the Bowery. Jealousies arose among the proprietors; each had his own clientele, bad or good; each vied with the other in making his garden more and more attractive; thus he gradually became the head of a gang. Mugs gave way to flasks, beer to gin and whiskey, respectable people to thugs and hoodlums, hoodlums to downright gangsters who settled their squabbled no longer with clubs, but with guns and pistols. Hence the song:

"The Bowery, the Bowery,
They say such things, and they do such things
On the Bowery, the Bowery.
I'll never go there anymore."

which became internationally known. It was sung with delighted swagger from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, in seaports from Liverpool to Hong Kong and is still a familiar childhood echo to adults from around the turn of the century.

From 1830 to 1860 the elite of New York's high society lived on the fringe of this "one mile roaring with life." President James Monroe lived at Prince and Marion (now Lafayette) with his son-in-law Samuel Gouveneur. When he died, he was buried for a while in Marble Cemetery, close to our Nativity Church on Second Avenue, before his body was taken to Richmond, Virginia. John Jacob Astor bought the property between Bleeker and Fourth Streets, developed it for residential purposes, and invited the more respectable class of people to live there. From Fourth Street to Astor Place, east to Lafayette, were the famous Vauxhall Gardens, where the noble gentry might pass a quiet afternoon without being disturbed by the "roughnecks" of the Bowery. Westward on Lafayette Street, La Grange Terrace—a row of nine mansions with Corinthian columns, some of which are still standing—was the scene of many fashionable parties and wed-

dings. What a contrast that section of lower Manhattan presented! Just a few blocks away, the scrape of fiddles and clatter of drunken orgies, quarreling voices, the howl of riotous mobs, cheap taverns and lodging houses, while here, as if in a far away country district, the air was scented with flowers and perfume, amid the chatter of cultured voices, in the peace and quiet of respectable houses, where dwelt the well-bred gentry and the aristocrats of early New York.

Father Duranquet

No account of the social scene in lower Manhattan in the last century would be complete without mention of Father Henry Duranquet, S. J. For twenty-five years he was chaplain of the Tombs Prison where most of the criminals from the Bowery eventually landed. His patience, his kindness, and his perseverance did more to reform the prisoners than all the Mission Houses and reform laws put together. He was called the Apostle of the Tombs. No execution took place in that death-house or elsewhere, but the gentle Jesuit was there to console, to encourage, to prepare the unfortunate culprit to meet his God. A single example will serve to indicate the character of his work.

On one occasion a notorious gangster, Albert Hicks, was sentenced to die for piracy and murder on the high seas. Hicks was the Jesse James of his own wicked little world. He was a gang in himself. He would never pay for anything he bought and his enemies, as a result, included all tavern keepers. One night in March, 1860, he entered a tavern and asked for rum and a night's lodging. The attendant, knowing his guest, mixed laudanum in the drink; and to make doubly sure that Hicks would not awaken too soon he also clubed him on the head. Twenty-four hours later the gangster awoke to find himself shanghaied on a vessel bound for Virginia. The sloop was then only a few miles off Staten Island. In the dead of the night, when the crew was asleep, except for the look-out boy at the prow, Hicks went on a rampage with an axe. He killed the lad and two sleeping sailors, threw their

bodies overboard, and then went for the Captain. In the fierce scuffle that ensued the criminal got the better of the Captain, slew him also and hurled his body overboard. Hicks then tied the rudder so that the boat could keep a straight course, jumped into the tender and rowed himself to New York. The abandoned vessel was discovered by another trading boat. The crew soon learned by the blood-stained ceiling, floors, bunks, and chairs that murder had been committed and reported it to the New York police. The papers were full of the event. The attendant who had administered the laudanum two nights before appeared at the police station to testify against Hicks. The gangster was soon caught, clapped into prison, bound hand and foot, and exposed to the curious gaze of visitors. Fr. Duranquet showed himself kind to the unfortunate prisoner, who was bragging that he would die as he had lived, a murderer and a cut-throat. The gentle priest, however, won him over. In a few days Hicks was on his knees making his confession. He received Holy Communion the following day and a good many days after.

On the morning of the execution the condemned man called for the Chaplain, made his last confession and Communion and told the marshall that he was ready to die. Marshall Rynders read the death-warrant. Then the long solemn procession started from the Tombs to the foot of Canal St. As Hicks, handcuffed and shackled with leg-irons, and accompanied by Fr. Duranquet and the marshall, passed from the dark portals of the prison into the street, the thousands of people who had gathered greeted the three with cheers. A fife and drum corps swung into the head of the line. Amid flourishes and ruffles from trumpets and drums the prisoner took his seat between Sheriff Kelly and Fr. Duranquet in the front carriage drawn by a team of coal black horses and driven by a coachman clad entirely in black. In the second carriage were the Deputy Sheriffs each carrying his staff of office, while in the others were policemen, gamblers, pugilists, politicians, doctors, newspaper reporters. At a signal from Mar-

shall Rynders, the drums rolled, and the musicians struck up a dirge. The carriages rolled slowly along thoroughfares lined with cheering crowds to the foot of Canal St. A steam boat was waiting there to convey the hanging party to Bedloe's Island, on which the Statute of Liberty now stands.

Thousands were invited to the scene of execution. Fr. Duranquet never left the poor wretch's side. Ten thousand surrounded the scene. On reaching the shore Hicks knelt at the Jesuit's feet to receive the final absolution. Both priest and culprit proceeded to the scaffold. As Hicks was mounting the priest kept blessing him. A few minutes later the noose was tightened around the criminal's neck. Fr. Duranquet had gained another sinner to God.

In the closing years of his long life Fr. Duranquet was sent to be Spiritual Father at Woodstock. His first conference to the community was on his work with hardened criminals and how to deal with them. One who was present at the exhortation recalls that it was Fr. Duranquet's first and last conference at Woodstock. He died two years later, in 1891, and is buried at Woodstock.

Father Larkin and Archbishop Hughes

Coming now to the religious persecution which Father Larkin and his associates had to encounter, we might say that anti-Catholic bigotry reached its climax in intensity and violence during that period. The Native American Party of 800 turned into the Know-Nothings of 1850, who in turn became the A.P.A.'s (American Protective Association) of 1870. The Native American Party was more political than religious, the Know-Nothings more violent than political, the A.P.A.'s more insidious than violent. The avowed principles of the Know-Nothings, who pleaded ignorance to any questions asked, were "anti-Romanism, anti-Papism, anti-Nunneryism, anti-Jesuitism." They were against anything "that had the smell of Rome about it."

Archbishop Hughes, at whose request Fr. Larkin

started his school was the great protagonist of Catholic rights in those days. He was a keen statesman, an able controversialist, a great orator, a powerful writer, a fearless prelate. He never yielded an inch to his opponents, private or public, when there was question of defending his flock, his "dear Irish people." He vigorously combated the "Public School System" in its attempts upon the faith of the children of Irish parents.

It was Archbishop Hughes who finally rid the hierarchy and the clergy from the baneful influences of Trusteeism. He silenced on public platform and in print the well known Presbyterian minister, the Reverend John Breckenridge, in a religious controversy that was raging at the time. He was responsible for the present satisfactory "Religious Corporation Act of the State of New York" and also for the recognition by the State of our present parochial school system.

In Philadelphia the Know-Nothings had already begun to attack priests and nuns and to burn Churches and convents. Word reached the Archbishop that they were about to do the same in New York, having marked out the Cathedral (then on Mulberry Street) as the first object of their incendiarism.

Election days were always days of bloody fights between the Orangemen and their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Many were killed or seriously hurt during these riots. Houses were set on fire; even the residence of the Archbishop was more than once besieged by angry mobs who hurled stones through the windows.

As election time, 1844, approached, a group of nearly a thousand ruffians gathered, with the express purpose of burning St. Patrick's Cathedral. Bishop Hughes learned of this in time. Apprehensive that the movement would lead to riot and bloodshed, he called on the mayor in person for protection, demanding this as an American citizen. Receiving no reassurance from the mayor, the bishop assembled two or three thousand of his sturdy Irish parishioners, armed them with every available weapon, cautioned them against

any violence unless attacked, and barracaded them behind the brick wall surrounding his Cathedral on Mulberry, Mott and Prince Sts. He also sent a contingent to protect our present Nativity Church on Second Ave. Faced with such vigorous preparations for resistance, the designs of the attackers were happily abandoned.

The Bowery To-day

We close this review of social conditions in the Bowery with a description of the condition today of that once internationally known thoroughfare. Thank God, all is changed now. "Steve Brodie's" saloon, a rendezvous for thugs, is a thing of the past. McGurke's "Suicide Hall," so called because it counted a suicide a night, is no longer remembered; "Chuck Connor's," a hang-out for prize-fighters and toughs is only a dim memory. The Miner's Theatre and the London Burlesque house are now only names, while the Globe Museum with its freaks and monstrosities, which the writer often visited as a lad, is entirely forgotten. Owney Geoghegan's hostel for professional mendicants, where the blind and crippled were cured on entering, is gone. The Bowery has now a clean white shirt with only a few dirty spots appearing here and there. In deference to middle-age memories, the sight-seeing buses still include the Bowery en route to Chinatown, but the guides say: "There's not much to see there now, only the missions and the bums."

Thundering elevated trains now replace the horse-cars and buggy of by-gone days. No longer do red-shirted volunteers race behind the fire-engines, no longer do nicely clad policemen duck into hallways from the fury of the mob, no longer is there the crude and noisy vitality, jittery and roaring with life, which once gave its terrible notoriety to Amerca's greatest city and let that section of the city be dubbed "as the liveliest mile on the face of the earth."

At present, the Bowery is a succession of sedate business places, pawn brokers, cheap eating places and lodging houses. Beggars may still be seen, living east of the Bowery from Chatham Square to Cooper Square,

many of them sprawling intoxicated in dark hallways or in the open sunshine. These pitiable, homeless wayfarers, most of them from out of town, are the real problem on the Bowery today, a problem which has not yet been faced squarely. This problem must still be solved — and then New York City will have completely done with the social horror that was the Bowery.

THE U. S. S. BATAAN

At the Commissioning of the new Aircraft Carrier, the U. S. S. Bataan, the following invocation was pronounced by the vessel's Jesuit chaplain.

* * * *

"O God, whom Thy Son Jesus Christ taught us to call Father, deign to accept our adoration in recognition of Thy sovereign power as Creator of the earth and the sea and the heavens.

Accept this act of commissioning as a consecration of the ship to Thee and as a consecration of the men who serve aboard her to Thee in defense of our country and the principles for which she stands.

Guard us, guide us, give us the courage to accept bravely and gladly whatever sacrifice may be asked and, if it be Thy holy Will, through the merits of Jesus Christ and the intercession of Mary His Mother, bring us safely home. Amen."

* * * * *

Father Lawrence R. McHugh, S. J., USNR, of the Maryland Province, is the vessel's chaplain.

SOUVENIRS OF A CHAPLAIN, 1918-1919

EUGENE T. KENEDY, S. J.

(*Continued from the last issue.*)

There was one convert from the mission for American soldiers at Blois. I distributed dozens of beads and scapular medals free—as many of the men had not been paid in months. The entire collection I turned over to the Cathedral.

Some of those making the exercises were from Jesuit colleges. I remember one particularly from St. Joseph's, Philadelphia—Walter Wiegand. He told me as we walked up and down outside the cathedral after services one night, that if it were not for the war he would be in the seminary at that time. He never was ordained, poor fellow, as he was killed in action a few weeks later. An uncle of his was a lay-brother at Boston College at the time.

There was a Holy Cross officer, Lieut. Scribner, who used to notify me each night of the Jesuit college men arriving during the day. His army job was to check in every officer on arrival. In that way I was able to have a Fordham night, a St. Joe's night and alumni of one or two other colleges that could make up a party. The idea seemed to work and the men enjoyed the refreshments and a chance to talk together over old days. I met, likewise, some surgeons from the St. Louis University Medical Unit—also a few officers from Santa Clara. Army officers helped in granting leave of absence.

There was some difficulty about communion and mass on the last morning of the mission. The cathedral was a good half-mile walk from the caserne and the soldiers had breakfast one-half hour after rising. I secured permission from headquarters after a short delay and some difficulty for a sort of second table for those making the mission. Then I arranged to have the mass in the Y. M. C. A. hut in the caserne grounds where the soldiers were quartered. Two priests

distributed communion all through the mass that a third was saying. All who made the mission received the sacraments as far as I could find out.

The Protestant services in the "Y" hut in those days amounted to little. The Y. M. C. A. in general was more philanthropic than religious—even though they did sell for "cash on the barrel" nearly everything that they handled and were sometimes overbearing. In this respect they were quite a contrast to the K. of C.'s fidelity to its slogan: "Everybody welcome, everything free." They spent little energy on spreading Protestant doctrine. Some ministers openly and even bitterly opposed them. I remember a sign exhibited in the hut, about immorality. It offered ten reasons why a soldier should abstain from the social evil and nine of them were wholly natural. After warning of the bad effects of venereal disease on posterity in the opening sentences, only in the tenth was the offence against God even mentioned. In general the "Y" seemed to push prohibition more than purity and of course without much success, though I might say that drinking was not the outstanding evil in the army by any means.

At last my name appeared on the customary list of those to depart on the following day. I was to report to the 41st Division at St. Aignan about fifty miles distant from Blois. The 41st acted as a supply depot, sending men to the 42nd as needed. It trained and prepared men for battle but never took part in battle itself. There new orders awaited me to leave the next day for the 42nd, the Rainbow division which was then in the trenches far to the North-East in Lorraine. I was really glad to leave Blois. I had enjoyed it so much that I had begun to wonder where Sherman had ever gotten his exaggerated idea of war anyway!

I have two recollections of my one day's duty with the 41st Division. The first is of an Alabama boy, driver of a motorcycle for some colonel of the division. Very obligingly he took me in his side-car from headquarters to the station and to my billet, etc., for 2 hours, saving me miles of hoofing it in my many prep-

arations (including gas-mask test with tear-gas) for leaving the following day. I became really worried at what the colonel might have to say, when he even insisted, over my mild protest, in waiting outside a restaurant while I dined. The reason for his generosity was that he had formerly been with the division I was about to be attached to, namely the 42nd, and begged me to "put in a word for him" to get back. When I asked on saying good-bye if I could make him a loan (American soldiers didn't like the word "tip"), he amazed me by his answer: "Though I haven't been paid for months I have plenty of money, thank you." When I asked how that could ever happen, he replied with a cute little Alabama accent: "I'm ashamed to say it to a man of God—but I make plenty of francs shooting crap." His former regiment was, by the way, the 167th Alabama whose members, before leaving America, had had a pitched battle at Camp Mills with members of the Irish regiment as pictured in the movie, "The Fighting 69th." "The Alabams", as they were affectionately called in the division, later fought side by side with the Irish—and extremely well—in all the battles of that hectic summer. I often visited their wounded, offering cigarettes, etc., and they frequently shared their "chow" with me in the field with typical southern hospitality. I can still hear their cheery: "Come again, chaplain. Glad to see you all."

The other recollection concerns a French count to whom I had been given a letter of introduction when leaving Blois by his cousin, the countess de Vibraye. I stayed overnight in the huge ancient building and recall a significant remark of my host. Pointing to a blatant sign over the entrance to his private chapel—a sign erected by the anti-clerical government, of course — reading *"liberté égalité fraternité"*, Count Guillaume d'Aymon said: "In France we have the *words* 'liberty, equality, fraternity', but in America you have the *substance*."

Boarding the train the following morning for the all day trip to Bacarat in Lorraine I had as sole companion in a compartment a lieutenant of the 26th or

"Yankee Division", of New England. Judging by his conversation, a priest can do great work at breaking down prejudice in the army. He chanted the praises of his chaplain till I was astounded. He was not a Catholic and had never met a priest before, but no Catholic could outdo him in admiration for Fr. Farrell. I met his idol, a secular priest from the Boston archdiocese, a year later. He was a small man wearing glasses and his whole appearance seemed to belie the D. S. C. medal he wore on his breast. I told him about the many non-Catholics who had mentioned his name to me and always in the highest praise. Much prejudice against the church was certainly dissipated by chaplains like Fr. Duffy and Fr. Farrell in the army, and like Fr. Gleeson in the navy.

About 2 P. M. we had to change cars at Langres, an old city dating back to Roman days, and wait for a train the next day to Luneville. I remained at the school barracks for officers who were taking a course in chemical warfare. I remember a witty sign at the entrance to a huge tent filled with lethal gas. It warned student officers about to enter: "Put on your gas-mask before entering; otherwise you won't need it!" The gas used was probably a phosgene-chlorine combination that later killed many of our men. When a heavy concentration was hurled at us, the saying was that if you didn't put on your gas-mask within a matter of a couple of minutes you needn't put it on at all; it was too late. Later on in Lorraine I burried many who died from this frightful weapen.

The next day I arrived at Bacarat, a small town of a few thousand inhabitants, famous for its cut-glass industry in times of peace but now acting as headquarters of the Rainbow Division. To my delight I was assigned to the "Fighting 69th" regiment, now like all national guard units rechristened during the war. Henceforth it was to be called the 165th Infantry. I called at once on Fr. Duffy whom I had known in 1893 when he as a layman taught in Xavier Grammar School, 16th Street, New York.

I went with him to visit the trenches about three

miles distant. After having followed closely the newspaper accounts of the war for several years, it was a real thrill to peek out cautiously across no man's land and view a real battlefield with the German trenches opposite. Buttercups, violets and wild flowers bloomed in "no man's land" on that Spring day, in front of our breastworks, just as if no war was being fought there at all. Fr. Duffy at first assigned me to Major "Wild Bill" Donovan's battalion, later to Major McKenna's to which Joyce Kilmer was attached. Poor McKenna, like the poet Kilmer, was soon to make the supreme sacrifice. They both received the sacraments during these days, though there was no opportunity for extreme unction just before they died.

I said Mass daily when in Bacarat at the one Catholic Church with its perilously leaning tower. A German shell had plowed through the belfry platform that probably was manned with machine-gun and crew in the early days of the war. The Church was otherwise unharmed.

Naturally with an Irish Catholic regiment—originally 90% of the more than 3,000 were of our faith —the confessions and chaplain work in general were very heavy. I can recall standing at the end of a hallway in the caserne on one occasion for four or five hours, without a break, while men confessed as they filed by, standing up so as not to lose time. And they were mostly from only one of the three battalions of the regiment.

There were also "outfits" of engineers, balloon squadrons, and graves-registration attached to our division, whom I visited since they had no chaplain of their own. I found out that the best method of working in units outside my own regiment was to do everything "through channels" as it is called in the army. In practice it came to this. I would ask the commanding officer of the unit in which I wished to hear confessions for permission "to do some chaplain work" among his men. Both in the case of the balloon squadron and the engineers I recall vividly the officers seemed more than willing to cooperate in anything to help their

men. So when I came at the hour and day appointed they had notified Catholics and all but shamed them into coming to confession. The last penitent of the captive balloon squadron, I remember, assured me that every Catholic had come to confession except one, and he was up observing in the baloon so would have to wait till a later date.

Among the engineers in Bacarat one Protestant asked to become a Catholic. I procured a catechism which he studied, had the Catholics of his company explain the Apostles' creed in some detail to him, so that he was ready for baptism in a couple of weeks. Further delay seemed dangerous. The French curé was in the sacristy, I recall, watching intently the abjuration and conditional baptism on the day of this man's reception into the Church. I had even to request him to leave when I was about to hear the convert's confession. At the end he said "Your American Catholics are wonderful"—"merveilleux"! He had seen with astonishment the men of the 69th literally crowd his people out of their church on Sunday. He later arranged with Fr. Duffy to have us use our war privilege of saying mass at the caserne or out in the open because there was absolutely no room for our men in the small town Church without crowding out his own people.

Of course there were not wanting many disappointments and discouragements. Once near Brouville (the Irish always called it "mudville") I stopped two soldiers walking along on open country lane, with no trees or houses within a thousand yards. I asked the first if he were a Catholic. He was, so I followed up with the usual question about how long since his last confession. Two years away! I reminded him of the foolishness of crossing a dangerous ocean and being at the moment under the German guns and yet so neglectful. I then asked his companion the same questions. Yes, he was a Catholic and *four* years away! "Hear him first, Father" said the gallant two-year man. I did, but when I finished the two-year man had

mysteriously disappeared. I couldn't find him anywhere!

Later in the summer I often had to ask wounded men in field hospitals if they were Catholics—a very embarrassing thing to do. An inoffensive system, I gradually learned, was to ask the wounded man first if he had ever been baptized. Then followed the question, in what religion? If he said Episcopalian or Methodist, Presbyterian, etc., I went on to ask: "Do you live up to your religion?" Usually the answer was "No." I then would offer him a cigarette and say that whatever religion I really thought was the right one I'd live up to. Surprising enough, it was quite common for Protestants to feel that the Catholic Chaplain should not confine his spiritual activities to those of his own religion. Many thought he ought to be the same to all.

I remember talking things over one night with Fr. Duffy at his quarters on the opposite side of the bridge from my billet. An army surgeon specialist called. His specialty was, by the way, "cooties" and he amazed me with his recondite learning concerning the pests —the only enemy that chaplains, according to international law, are allowed to fight. He said he didn't wish to interfere with anyone's religion but couldn't Fr. Duffy do something about the old-fashioned scapulars which so many of the men were wearing. It seemed the strings around the neck were favorite parking spaces for "cootie" eggs. Fr. Duffy assured him he would do all he could to have the men use scapular-medals, as he had previously urged them to do. Leaving about 10:30 P. M., I procured the pass-word needed at night to cross the bridge. It was "Renan" and I thought of Fr. Drum and scripture class at Woodstock.

Toward the end of our stay at Bacarat I asked Fr. Duffy to be transferred to the 150th Machine Gun battalion. My main reason for the transfer was that the battalion was full of Catholics who hadn't had a priest for a year. Fr. Duffy at first demurred but

finally said "well you will have one foot in the 69th anyway," meaning that it was all but incorporated into the Irish regiment. In every battle that they fought I was with the 69th, either in the dressing stations, field hospitals or trenches and I was able to hear hundreds of confessions of their wounded, bury their dead, etc., all through that bloody summer.

Though Bacarat was a so-called "quiet sector" where we were broken in for the strenuous battles that awaited us, it was not so quiet that we did not have very many casualties. Thus on one occasion two hundred men were killed in one sector of the trenches by chlorine-phosgene gas hurled at us at two A. M., when all but the men on guard were asleep. During the night, raids frequently were made by volunteers, against the German trenches, sometimes bringing back prisoners alive in order to get information from them. I recall a dare-devil name O'Leary who showed me his bayonet, somewhat warped from being driven through the body of a German whom he encountered in the dark. After they had rolled over the top of the enemy trench O'Leary landed on top of his man. He said he could still see that fellow staring at him weeks after he had run him through with his bayonet. Poor O'Leary himself was killed a little later. He didn't seem to know what fear meant.

I joked with a soldier named Kennedy, about the "exaggerated" account of his death that had reached his old parish of St. Francis Xavier, New York. I had heard it myself before leaving. Fr. Harmon had even called on his mother to offer his sympathy and condolence. He was still alive and laughing, poor fellow, but not for long. In a few weeks he was killed in battle.

The night we had orders to leave the sector (at about 8 P. M.), we thought we had kept from the enemy any knowledge of our intended departure. It would be mighty inconvenient to have the Germans attack when the roads would be cluttered with the 20,000 men of the relieving division, passing our division with an equal number, plus the trucks, cannons,

field kitchens, etc., of both. But the enemy through their spies had exact foreknowledge of everything that was going on. Just before dark the Germans liberated a number of small toy balloons with notes tied to them that floated over our trenches with the greeting: "goodbye 42d—welcome 77th!" They not only knew the time of the difficult manoeuvre but even the names of the two divisions—and these were supposed to be state secrets!

Major "Wild Bill" Donovan had told us at table that we were about to begin some very difficult fighting—that the casualties would be heavy. General Lenihan in command of the brigade advised me about this time to get the men ready, since many of them would likely be killed. Within a few months, as mentioned later in Fr. Duffy's book on the war, 644 men of the regiment were to make the supreme sacrifice while 2,857 were to be wounded. That of course included constant replacements as the total casualties exceeded the 3,000 men that formed the usual complement of the "Fighting 69th". The red harvest was fast ripening. In the coming 5 months we were to be used as "shock troops" in many major engagements. The Chaplains were to be kept busy in giving the last sacraments and in burying the dead.

On the 18th of June, 1918, the Rainbow division, so called because it blended, as colors in a prism, national guard units from 27 different states, having finished its long preliminary training on the Mexican border and later in France, quitted the comparatively quiet trenches of the Luneville and Baccarat sectors in Lorraine and began its long journey to Champagne where it was to fight its first real battle. It was an ideal moonlight night as our 20,000 men slipped stealthily out of dugouts and trenches and passed the 77th New York who were relieving us and marching in the opposite direction.

What a picture for the screen, I thought, if photographers had been allowed to shoot it. Horses, cannons, trucks, machine-guns and steel helmets everywhere, beneath emerald-green trees, while a smattering of

French horizon-blue uniforms contrasted vividly with the American khaki and all combined to form a tableau one would long remember. There was a good deal of banter and friendly "kidding" between soldiers, as the long lines moved slowly to and from the trenches along the dusty, crowded country roads. From the 77th division a voice would call out, "Anybody there from Greenwich Village?" or "Are any of you guys from Tremont?" The answer from the 69th was almost sure to be "yes". One fellow inquired of the Irish regiment, "Is John Kelly there?" and the quick reply was "Which one of them do you want?" A 77th man boasted "The Germans will find out what American soldiers are like when we get a crack at them." Mike Donaldson shouted back, "We were over here killing Dutchmen before they pulled your names out of the hat." "Well, thank goodness"—came back the response—"we didn't have to get drunk to join the Army." Our division was made up entirely of volunteers and was proud of the fact. The 77th was composed of drafted men. One of the soldiers of the 77th kept calling loudly for his brother who was with us. He finally located him and the two lads ran at each other and burdened as they were with heavy packs, they grabbed each other and punched each other and wise-cracked until ordered back into ranks. Then they parted, perhaps never to meet again.

Now and then the two columns sang as they passed, breaking out into "East Side, West Side," or "Herald Square, Anywhere, New York Town, take me there." The last notes were still ringing in our ears, as the end of the dusty columns at last swung around a sharp bend in the country road. We fervently hoped that their wish "New York town, take me there" would one day be realized.

We zig-zagged our way, as military trains do, more than half the distance to Paris, going north as far as Nancy, south to Neuf Chateau, then northwest to Bar-le-Duc, finally detraining on the following day south of Chalons-sur-Marne.

During these days, we chaplains were trying to get

as many men as possible to confession and communion. I remember sending a notice through headquarters to all the troops in a certain town, announcing confessions in the local church, with Mass and Communion the following day. As I emerged from the Chapel I met Chaplain Halliday, a Baptist, attached to an Ohio regiment. I asked him if he were to have services on the morrow. He answered hesitatingly and vaguely, looking wistfully off into the distance. As a matter of fact, I can scarce remember his ever announcing such a thing as church services. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, and turning abruptly said: "Father, do you know, after this war, when we have time to sit down and think it all over, maybe we will decide to have only *one* church." I understood what he meant. The Catholic Church really stood up under the strain of war, while many devoted ministers found their task profoundly discouraging.

We were now incorporated with the French 4th Army, being the only American unit to form a part of it. In the history of the late war, the battle which was about to begin is officially known as the Champagne-Marne defensive. With the French we helped repel the last big offensive of the Germans. We soon found ourselves in a vast net-work of trenches. There were two complete sets of trenches, one before the other but each so self-sufficient that during the long-continued attack we really only defended the second set. A few companies of the famous French "blue-devil" division put up a gallant resistance in the forward ones. That succeeded in drawing the almost exclusive attention of the enemy artillery on the lightly held first line. The task of the "blue devils" there was to sell their lives as dearly as possible—sending up sky-rockets as each wave of the enemy passed over them. Fighting with hand-grenades in close combat they signaled back to us once, twice, thrice. And then all was still in the darkness. Not one of them survived.

The morale of the men in the days of preparation was excellent. They had unbounded confidence in their divisional commander, General Douglas McArthur,

later hero of Bataan. McArthur had done everything possible to assist Fr. Duffy in procuring priests from the New York and Brooklyn diocese to hear the confessions of the 3,000 men of the 69th before it left Camp Mills to sail for France.

The location of the battle is rich in historic memories. In a Chapel in the nearby city of Chalons-sur-Marne, the body of the American unknown soldier was later to be selected from among four. There was an ancient Roman road dating back to the Caesars. It ran diagonally past our segment till it was swallowed up in the trenches. The immense plains stretching as far as the eye could reach, were restful and fascinating, like soothing ocean distances. There were on the battle-field innumerable wild-flowers including violets and the ever-present poppies everywhere. The first comment of the Mexican border veterans of the 69th was: "Isn't this just like Texas?" In the far-flung expanse of flat country, almost bereft of undulation, brook or water in any form, the distant patches of scrimpy trees looked for all the world like mesquite.

By a "believe it or not" quirk of history, the battle-field itself was the identical one on which Attila, "the scourage of God," met defeat at the hands of "the allies" in the 5th century. The Catholic Encyclopedia says to the point, "In 451 he (Attila) was met on the plains of Chalons by the allied Romans . . .and Visigoths . . . who overcame the Huns and averted the peril that menaced Western civilization." The French and American allies were now to fight and overcome the Germans whom they called the Huns, on the self-same plains of Chalons.

The Catholic Chaplains visited the men now spread out in many directions, those few remaining days before the ear-splitting burst like a thunder-bolt at four minutes past the midnight of July 14th. There was no surprise, however, about the attack, since our intelligence reports had accurately foretold the day and even the hour when the assault was to open. General Lenihan told me that we were so well prepared that we even hoped they would attack rather than not.

The night of the 13th I succeeded with difficulty in finding a place in which to sleep in the greatly overcrowded trenches of the 69th. In the morning, after confessions, I said Mass and distributed Holy Communion to the men of the Irish regiment and the 150th machine-gun battalion from Wisconsin, realizing that for many it was to be their viaticum. I can still picture vividly that Holy Sacrifice out there in the open, as if the whole world were our Cathedral and the blue sky its dome. But the war-torn altar, built during the bloody battles of 1914, hardly fitted into the concept of a Cathedral. It was "decorated" with a rusty tin covering that reminded one of a bee-hive, so punctured was it with innumerable machine-gun bullets from enemy fire. The sole altar ornaments were two vases of wild-flowers. But the "vases" were empty brass shells, discarded after use in the French 75 millimetre gun.

How confident the men were of victory was strikingly shown during a conversation with Capt. Prout. I was talking with him in his dug-out the night of the 13th when a messenger saluted and handed him a final message from the French commander. He read it to me, an order insisting that the trenches must be held at any cost. In a postscript it added that, if necessary, men with drawn revolvers should be stationed in the communication trenches to shoot down any soldiers who tried to run away. Capt. Prout calmly tore up the note and threw it aside saying: "My men don't need that". That dugout was demolished two days later by a German "minenwerfer" but the occupants were saved by strenuous rescue work and some quick digging. Prout was among those at Mass and Communion on the eve of the battle. There were so many that the confessions considerably delayed things on that golden July morning. Whether or not Joyce Kilmer, the poet, was there I do not now recall. He always was present, if at all possible, on such occasions. In the very next battle, at the bloody Ourcq river above Chateau Thierry, he was to make the supreme sacrifice.

It seemed providential for my ministrations that

the trenches were so very overcrowded. As I could not find room in them, I worked among the wounded and dying, once the engagement began, in the field-hospital at the Ferme-de-Suippes, about a mile to the rear. Experience proved that the field-hospital was where the priest was most needed and reached the greatest number of souls, once battled was joined.

At precisely 12.04 A. M., the firing burst on us all at once, seemingly without either crescendo or minuendo. It resembled a mighty, sustained thunderclap, a roaring that seemed to blast the very heavens open. For ten or twelve hours the mighty crash continued, strangely without variation or reverberation. The ear apparently was receiving as many vibrations as possible. Innumerable explosions, screeches and rendings rent the atmosphere, all mingled into one deafening awe-inspiring combination. And yet somehow there was a strange, morbid fascination about it all. It was said to have been the heaviest barrage or cannonade in history up to that time. I think that no one present would argue the point. It simply beggared description.

To the rear, south of us, we could see our own guns replying feverishly, and the sky above them was lit by bursts of fire that made the heavens a mass of flames. Ironically, along the entire front, there was being staged a fire-works display of surpassing beauty. Innumerable rockets pierced the sky, and Roman candles, vari-colored lights and flares and bursting star shells made the landscape stand out starkly in bold relief. These, as well as the imitation illuminated American flags drifting lazily over the battle-field, were all part of a secret code calling for re-enforcements, ammunition or artillery support from far to the rear.

Naturally there was little sleep that night, as shells exploded close or screamed in your ears as they passed overhead. The wounded began to pour in about daybreak and for a time we were kept quite busy. About 10 A. M. there was a decided lull, not in the battle but in the number of cases arriving. Then it was that I

decided to board an ambulance bound for a dressing station, thinking I would find more wounded there than where I was stationed. We traveled about ten miles along the ancient Roman highway, which was under heavy fire. I can still see those stately leafy shade-trees, flanking us on either side. We felt duly grateful to them, since they partly concealed us from the eyes of enemy gunners. This road ran from nearby Chalons, as I mentioned, almost parallel to the battle-line, gradually swerving nearer the trenches, till finally it was swallowed up in them.

The driver of our Ford ambulance was an American boy but his blue uniform showed that he was serving in the French army. His dangerous job that day was to ferry the wounded through fields of fire, from the dressing stations to the huge tent-hospital at Suippes. He was a Catholic and had not met an English speaking priest for a long time. So I heard his confession while angry guns barked and half-deafened us. After absolving him I drew out two badges of the Sacred Heart, holding them before me as we sped madly toward the front. I had distributed many hundreds of these same badges among the soldiers and felt sure that the God of battles would not forsake us, as we bounced crazily along that vacant road.

Though a quarter of a century has since intervened, every detail of that scene seems indelibly silhouetted in my memory. We passed, I remember, a dead horse. Once a burning captive balloon fell close by in a field. The leaves of the trees over-head were showering on us like rain-drops in an April storm. To our left, at one place, we could see twenty or thirty cannons lined up hub to hub in an open field, the French artillerymen loading and reloading with feverish haste. Every tiny patch of woods, every clump of trees, anything that could hide guns, large or small, seemed pressed into service and was saturated with fire-belching machines —and the terrific din was awe-inspiring.

The thought occurred to me, as shells burst about us that at any moment I might find myself in eternity. But the idea somehow seemed strangely unreal, all

but the fantastic; in fact, so unconvincing that an act of perfect contrition or love seemed just as hard to make as in times of peace.

At last we turned off the main road, taking a tiny country lane to our left. This led to the dressing-station, a few hundred yards away and close behind the trenches. I recall that the chauffeur very coolly said something then that even under the circumstances made me smile. Our road was now obviously under the direct observation of German artillery, The burlap screen attached to wire-netting to hide the lane was nearly all down or blown away. "Father" said the boy, "this is the bad part of the road." The bad part, thought I; well you can't freighten me now—at least not any more than I am already! It didn't take me long to jump out of that ambulance and duck into the dressing-station while branches of trees and wreckage and shells seemed falling everywhere. German airplanes, flying very low, were strafing our trenches but a few yards away.

During the three or four hours in the "elephant's back", the dressing station covered with thin corrugated iron to ward off shell-splinters, many things happened. There were about twenty ambulance chauffeurs and stretcher-bearers who brought in wounded to be cared for by the surgeons. One soldier, I recall, staggered in by himself, his head and his face simply bathed in blood, saying: "My God I'm killed". Overhead we could see those aviators continuously flying along the trenches, their machine-guns raining bullets to disorganize our men while the enemy attacked. Then there were the falling branches of trees temporarily blocking our one entrance and exit. A broken length of board once hurtled through the open doorway, flying right by us. A French Poilu sitting opposite took a small piece of spent shrapnel out of his tunic (where it had just arrived) and placed it in my hand to show me that it was still hot. He seemed to regard the whole thing as a joke. Then there was the crew of the ambulance returning to say that they could not possibly reach the wounded men they sought

because of the town of Jonchery nearby. It was strewn all over the road, completely blocking traffic!

I was able to hear a few confessions and prepare some for death but not many Catholics were being brought in. The wounded, then, were nearly all from the Alabama regiment (the 167th) which was almost wholly non-Catholic. I ministered to a few of the French, mostly surgeons in attendance. I returned to Suippes on the same ambulance about 2 P. M., the driver and myself still carrying our Sacred Heart badges. He went back and forth all during the day, unscathed, and later told me that he had received the *croix-de-guerre* for his many trips.

From July 15th to 20th the work by day and night at the field hospital was extremely heavy. All the wounded from our 83rd brigade, containing roughly 10,000 men, were received, tended and evacuated so rapidly, that priestly ministrations could not be delayed a moment. Even the slightly wounded had their confessions heard as far as possible and all doubtful cases were anointed, as frequently they died from shock en route to the base hospital. I distributed hundreds of cigarettes, which I bought from the Y.M.C.A. to Protestants as well as Catholics—to all except patients whose lungs were gassed. As I worked alone at Suippes I got what little sleep was possible at odd hours. One night, I recall retiring at 2 A. M. and arranging to be called again at 4 A. M. when I was to begin a busy day by burying the dead that had accumulated.

Two vivid recollections occur to me. One, that of a boy of the 69th fatally wounded and crying out: "Why, I am going to die! I am going to die!" It was a new idea to him evidently. The other, a snap-shot taken from the pocket of a dead soldier. It was of his girl before the regiment left Camp Mills. She had on his coat and his hat—his gun on her shoulder and they both were laughing!

As the Rainbow division was "shock troops", we left as soon as the issue was decided (July 20th) and were rushed by train to Chateau Thierry and thence

to the Ourcq river for our bloodiest encounter of the war. This latter is recorded in history as part of the Aisne-Marne offensive. How heavily we were engaged in these two battles is shown by the fact that though actually fighting only twelve days (July 15-18 and July 25 to Aug. 3rd) we had to call immediately afterwards for 8,000 replacements for our next attack at St. Mihiel, Sept. 12th. Allowing for about 2,000 slightly wounded who would return to the division we had thus lost in a little more than two weeks about fifty percent of our effectives.

Marching many miles to a town called Vadenay we boarded a train about 10 P. M. the following evening, at a little station called St. Hilaire-au-Temple. It was a bright moonlight night and the station was "à la belle étoile"—no covering whatever. About 1 A. M., just as I dropped off to sleep, German airplanes attacked us. They flew very low, setting the station on fire and then methodically raining high explosives all along the train which was standing still. The engineer was killed, the fireman wounded, along with about a dozen soldiers. The first casualty I reached by climbing under the train to the opposite side. I heard his confession and anointed him just as he lapsed into unconsciousness and death. I experienced on that occasion the downright demoralizing effect of high explosive bombs dropped from planes. A strange feeling of helplessness seemed to grip everyone. The temptation to run madly for nearby fields, as the soldiers did was momentarily overwhelming. Once you start tending the wounded, however, the feeling of cowardice seems to disappear. In the bright moonlight I was able to find a number of my men who were hit and ministered to them before they either died or were taken to hospitals.

The remaining battles up to armistice day, when at the historic eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 the order to cease fire was issued for the first time along a thousand-mile battle-front, were more or less a repetition of the engagement at Champagne that I tried to describe above. At

the bloody Ourcq river, (the Irish called it "the O'Rourke river" just as they called Epieds "A.P.A."), we arrived at 2 A. M. and our brigade attacked at daybreak—after a long forced march. That was one of the rare occasions on which I was supplied with a horse (because of their perennial scarcity) and I had barely dismounted when it was time to start tending the flood of wounded, mostly Catholic, which flowed in from 5 A. M. on. At times as many as a hundred were lying on tables and the floor, or propped against the wall (a few of the worst cases were operated on immediately in the kitchen) and I had to hustle from one to another before that batch was evacuated and another stream poured in. Occasionally I took down a name and address—usually with the request to assure a mother or father that the wound was only slight—not to fear in any case. They were all gallant and brave—like the lieutenant who asked that I send a telegram to his folks to say that he was all right and doing well. His right arm had just been amputated, so of course he could not write himself. But he did not want them to know that!

I do not recall a single wounded Catholic of the thousand and more that I tended during battles who refused to receive the sacraments. But the physical strain was considerable. At Epieds the day preceding the Ourcq river battle I had worked from three in the afternoon till nine the following morning among the wounded of the other brigade of our division. For about two weeks I never took off my clothes, snatching what sleep I could in woods, on military trains or in field-hospitals or dressing stations during temporary lulls in the work. As Frs. Duffy, Hanley and Carpentier were often miles away, completely out of touch and busy anyhow at their own station, there was no relief night or day.

Our chateau had not been originally intended for a dressing station. It was the headquarters of the brigadier general and a regimental colonel who with their staffs were directing each move in the nearby battle. Naturally a great number of dispatch carriers

were coming and going with reports and commands. When hundreds of wounded arrived in addition, the enemy, seeing through field-glasses all the activity where we were, laid down so terrific a barrage about the chateau that Gen. Lenihan and the colonel left, no more wounded could be brought in, and the few of us remaining had to take refuge in the cellar. It seemed to us in our underground shelter that at any minute the building might be demolished.

I remember actually witnessing in that cellar a soldier getting shell-shocked. He was seated at a field telephone, a few feet away from me. An unusually loud explosion occurred. There was at the same instant a flash from wires short-circuiting in front of him—and he began to yell and dance like a maniac. With difficulty we put him on a cot, two or three holding him down by sheer force. On the theory that religion is ever the deepest thing in human consciousness I shouted in his ear that I was a Catholic priest. I commanded him to shut up. Each time I repeated these words he became perfectly still, but only for a few moments; then the fury would return. But even momentary relief eased the strain on the rest of us who never knew what might happen when the next shell crashed.

About 3 P. M. I left the chateau as no more wounded could be brought in and there was no more work there for a chaplain to do. My companion and I ran through the curtain barrage that made entrance and exit so difficult. Reaching a nearby grove of small trees I was marooned there for several hours by planes flying in pairs and methodically machine-gunning the entire woods which was filled with artillery and doughboys. I donned my gas-mask as shells laden with the deadly phosgene-chlorine gas then in use exploded nearby. It was a hot July day but I covered myself with a heavy blanket and tried "to make a noise like a leaf" beneath the few scrimpy trees nearby. The thought of running from the planes reminded me of the Irishman who, when working on the railroad cut, put down his pick as the train approached and ran straight along the

tracks till the cow-catcher hurled him up the side of the steep bank. When he was asked later why he had not run up the bank to his right or left instead of straight ahead he replied: "if the darn thing could catch me so easy on the level—what chance would I have on the hillside?" Even in those pioneer days planes made over a hundred miles an hour, so running wouldn't have done much good.

That night in a dugout, after three successive alarms, I slept soundly (in that same gas-mask) from exhaustion. I never was so tired in my life. I felt very close to death several times that afternoon, even promising the Sacred Heart on one occasion to speak always of the devotion on future retreats, if He would see me through. Another night, when I was sleeping in the woods, a "whiz-bang" Austrian Skoda shell (so called because of its flat trajectory) exploded but a few feet away. I could feel the concussion waves distinctly—like a sudden rapid descent in an elevator—as dirt and stones showered my companion and myself.

But there were comedy and humor, too, along with the grim business of killings, burials, and hardships. Just to mention an instance or two. I met an Episcopalian chaplain from another division during these days who tried to induce me to join in a great baptizing crusade he had inaugurated. "You and I ought to work together," he urged. "Do you know, this army is simply full of unbaptized soldiers. Why, I am baptizing them right and left myself!" Apparently lack of any previous instruction was no great obstacle to him. Among the 800 soldiers in the 150th M. G. battalion there was one whose name was St. Peter. His inseparable chum rejoiced in the biblical patronymic, Cain! Then a William Sunday was sent us as a replacement, and a young lad whose last name was Luther asked to be baptized. So we had in a single battalion a St. Peter, a Cain, a Billy Sunday, and a Luther. Then an Italian joined us with the all but ecclesiastical name of "Roman Colla!" Cain like his proto-type was a tough customer. He neatly sidestepped me about confession again and again till after

the bombing at St. Hilaire-au-temple. The very next morning leaning out of the train as I passed on the platform he begged me to hear him. German planes apparently converted him after I could do nothing. Luther also turned out to be a problem. Before I could put him under instruction he was ordered to officers training school for study and possible promotion. But he took the wrong train somehow—went A.W.O.L. and, as far as I know, they are still looking for him. So I was denied the pleasure of reconciling Luther to the church!

Then there was the top-sergeant who used to round up all Catholics in his company, lagging and otherwise, and accompany them personally to confession before battle. His method of procedure, as he explained to me, was simplicity itself. Singling out a slacker who hadn't been to confession recently he would say to him: "Look here, Buddy—when I tell you to take a shower-bath, what do you do? You take your soap and towel, put them under your wing and do as you're told, don't you? Well when I tell you to go to confession, do as you're told." Top-sergeants don't need much logic. They were supposed to be able to lick any man in their company. At least one that he brought me on that rainy afternoon just before St. Mihiel made his last confession before death that day. Only a few hours later he received a direct hit in the thigh from a shell that literally tore him apart. The soldier just back of him on the confession line told me all about it the following day.

There was pathos, too, as in the case of the young Episcopalian who asked if he could not please receive Holy Communion with my Catholics. He had been head altar boy for Bishop Weller, he explained, in the Fond-du-Lac cathedral back home, but had had no chance to receive in over a year in France. I explained as gently and kindly as possible why I could not give non-Catholics the Holy Eucharist. One of my boys who was intently watching him speaking to me, came up immediately after and said: "Father, keep after him; I think he will become a Catholic. He's on the way!"

A friend of mine, a major from Alabama, once startled me by saying that he had written to his wife telling her about me and assuring her that, if she should die while he was in France, he would at once become a priest! About all he knew about priests was that they didn't marry! I kept a straight face long enough to say "my, my" and to ask him what was her response. "Oh, she's clever," he assured me, she wrote right back and said: "Yes, and if anything happens to you in this war, I will immediately become a nun!" That same major on another occasion, while traveling in the same compartment on a troop train with his adjutant and myself, asked me for a cigarette. All three of us were lying down on the benches, intermittently dozing. As I struck a match and leaned over with it the adjutant, waking from sleep on the other end of my bench, began to laugh heartily under the cap which covered his face. "What are you laughing at, So and So?", asked the major. "That's a good one, answered the adjutant, evidently thinking the whole set up looked mighty chummy, "two masons and a Jesuit in the same compartment and having a hell of a good time together!"

The 4th division relieved us at the Ourcq river so I spent the night with Fr. Rankin and loaned my mass-kit to Fr. Ryan from the Missouri province. They were both attached to that outfit. With the exception of a five-minute meeting with Fr. Richard O'Brien they were absolutely the only American Jesuits I had met in over a year. Even the French Jesuits in hiding were usually very hard to locate. I succeeded in finding them in Lyons, Brest and Chalons but only for short visits. I also called at our house in Coblenz, spending a night there when with the army of occupation.

The St. Mihiel battle was far less costly to us than anticipated. It offered all the elements of a titanic struggle for the first all-American venture. Fighting alone, we were forewarned by the French about our foolhardiness. They had attacked and lost on the same battlefield. But the Germans, though fighting stubbornly, elected to make it a heavy rear-guard

action as they retreated from the long-held salient. We took thousands of prisoners and much booty without tremendous losses. I recall enjoying some captured German "schnapps" to wash down the enemy food that fell into our hands. It was doubly welcome because we had advanced all day so quickly along blown-up roads that we had no food or field-kitchens of our own except reserve rations. In the affair at St Mihiel I might add, we saw the first evident signs of the coming allied victory in the war.

The Champagne defeat of the Germans has been aptly called the Gettysbury of World War I. Both were defensive, costly, but decisive victories. As the Southerners under Lee "reached the high water mark of the Confederacy" in Pickett's famous charge against the center of Meade's position, so the flower of German might, the Prussian Guard, was crushed after their last desperate gamble on those plains that saw Attila's downfall centuries before.

Ludendorff's shock troops had already, it must be remembered, been successful in breaking through the British army of General Gough, in March 1918. Later the Germans crashed through the British and French armies in Flanders. Another great offensive drove south from the Chemin des Darnes and reached as far as Chateau-Thierry. The ambitious plans of the German general staff then contemplated the final and complete defeat of the Allies in Champagne. A breakthrough there would have severed the Allied armies, with their right rolled up and crushed toward Verdun and their left smashed against the line of the Marne and Paris. After their Champagne defeat the Germans, like the Confederates after Gettysburg, fought bravely and stubbornly. But that strange mysterious imponderable morale, was gone. They were a beaten army and they knew it. Only loyalty to the fatherland, one captured officer told us at this time, kept them fighting what they knew to be a lost war.

I recall preparing a French poilu for death at St. Mihiel, a handsome lad of 18 or 20. Both legs had been shot away from him as he stepped out of his tank.

His commanding officer demanded why I wanted to speak to his boy (they regularly addressed their men as "mes enfants" before going over the top). When I explained that I was a Catholic priest, he saluted and retired gratefully.

In the Argonne forest, unlike St. Mihiel, the Germans fought desperately for every inch of the ground. These were the last three weeks before the armistice and American losses mounted daily. The Rainbow division had the honor of winning the last engagement in the war, the capture of Sedan. As was customary on such occasions, we invited the French to join the triumphal entry into the city after the fighting had all but finished.

The actual end of hostilities was almost as complete a surprise to men in the front lines as to civilians back home. Retreating under pressure in perfect order, a most difficult manoeuver, with a powerful army not decisively beaten, the enemy seemed up to the last shot fired able to hold out for months. But scarcity of food and munitions with the ever-increasing American army (there were as many as twenty thousand U. S. soldiers landed in a single day at Brest!) finally broke the German will to fight. The German home-front, too, collapsed before its military forces were crushed. But Allied armies seemed to leave the victory celebrations to the ones back home.

Once, in the Argonne, I was mistakenly reported "missing in action" and a few of Ours even said Mass for the repose of my soul. It came about in the following manner. Fr. Duffy, then divisional chaplain, unexpectedly suggested to me one day that I go back for field-hospital work at Baulny. I was then on my way up front to help establish a dressing station for the attack soon to begin. We were at the time under considerable fire. My men knew I had been with them just previously, so, when they missed me, searching parties were sent out to scour the woods to find me. As I had no means of letting them know of my new assignment, I was given up for lost and my family duly notified. A curious aftermath occurred. Mr. Gallagher,

a philosopher at Woodstock, very kindly sent, at regular intervals all during the war, a special mimeographed province-news sheet to all our chaplains. Imagine my feeling when in the next issue actually addressed to me I read: "News has just been received that poor Fr. Kennedy is missing in action!" I couldn't figure out just why he wanted to notify me of the sad fact! Shades of Mark Twain!

After the armistice we marched on foot across a huge section of northern France, Belgium and Luxemburg, to the Rhine river in the industrial heart of Germany. It was early winter and the month's hike besides being cold was very hard on the feet as well as on shoe-leather. After having my shoes re-soled twice in a few weeks I had hob-nails added. These latter worked like a charm! I suffered somewhat at this time from the dysentery which I had had for months.

Drinking water in country districts of France (the inhabitants drink mostly wine) is frequently polluted. On this account enemy military authorities used to mark the bad "Kein trinkwasser." The French who always did things the opposite way to the Germans marked only the good ones as "eau potable." Many of us driven by thirst too often took a chance. Result —much dysentery, sickness, probably a few deaths.

Once in northeastern France, I recall we stopped at a small town the enemy had just evacuated after four years of occupation. Monsieur le Curé kindly invited me to dine that evening with him, promising to celebrate the occasion by opening a bottle of rare wine he had carefully hid in his cellar so the Germans wouldn't get it. In my very best French, I said the equivalent of: "I'm your man." We had had bone-dry prohibition in the American forces, so the prospect looked bright. But his cross-eyed old housekeeper unfortunately brought up the wrong hidden bottle from its underground lair, and before I knew it, I had swallowed a whole glassful of kerosene! Conversation naturally languished after that. My mouth somehow tasted as if full of lamp-wicks. Every time I coughed —a thing I did repeatedly—my system seemed lined

with coal-oil whose flavor even the real wine could not dissipate or conquer. I was even afraid to light a cigarette. I need not add that I didn't enjoy the dinner much.

The life from December to May in the Army of occupation was quiet and uneventful. I had charge of the post school and taught English and French daily. I said Mass in the parish Church in a village in which every single man, woman and child was Catholic. All had made their Easter duty the preceding year as the pastor proudly assured me. I often thought that American soldiers must have been forcibly struck by the accumulated evidence of the universality and strength of the Church. During their eighteen months stay in France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Rhine province of Germany, it is almost true to say that scarce a church of the hundreds the Rainbow division passed was other than Catholic. In France, it was apparently a case of "Rome or unreason, the sacraments or sophistry." Protestant churches were all but non-existent in our thousand miles and more of travel through these sections of ancient Europe, while peasant cottages in which we billeted commonly boasted holy pictures on the wall or a crucifix over the portal. I hate to think of the harm Hitler may have done to the splendid, promising youth of the Rhine land with regard to their faith. The adults can and will take care of themselves even under persecution—of that I feel reasonably sure. I have never seen better Catholicity anywhere. American officers, commonly with little religious belief themselves, and easy morals, were struck by the purity and religious fervor found along the Rhine—and often spoke in admiration of them. Let us hope that Hitler may be forced "to go to Canossa", even as Bismark was after his iniquitous May laws, when freedom of religion returns once again to the staunch Catholics of the Rhine and the Ruhr.

The Midnight Mass, at Christmas 1918, is one of my happiest recollections of the war. My men pleaded for it and as Fr. Duffy was having one in the neighbor-

ing town of Remagen, I consented. Luckily, I arranged with "der herr Pastor" that only Americans should be admitted to the Church—that particular diocese having no midnight Mass of its own. As it turned out, our khaki-clad soldiers by themselves crowded the edifice to overflowing while our amateur quartette and our amateur organist and myself rendered Christmas carols, including of course "Heilige Nacht." My organist had been in civil life a pianist in a night club. Our original battalion quartette earlier in the year had been quite good till two of them were killed in battle. The pastor, I recall, was amazed at the size of the collection for Peter's pence taken up Christmas day. Like many French curés in the preceding twelve months he saw his church offerings doubled and tripled by American generosity. The story is told that on one occasion a French curé went to the American chaplain and asked why it was that his men had contributed such an unbelievable amount in the last collection. On inquiry it was found out that on that particular Sunday the French pastor all through his sermon was heatedly scolding his people for overcharging Americans and making them pay exorbitant prices for everything. The doughboys not understanding a word that was said except "dix francs, cinq francs, huit francs, etc.", and seeing the pastor angrily pound the desk of the pulpit again and again, concluded that there must be a tremendously important collection about to be taken up and so contributed accordingly. They were evidently reasoning from similar outbursts back home!

Late in April the welcome order arrived to start the long return journey to America. General Pershing inspected the 20,000 men drawn up on a huge parade grounds skirting the Rhine river. As he marched with his staff through company after company drawn up at attention he occasionally made some gracious remarks to individual soldiers. Once he stopped to scrutinize a decoration on the breast of a sergeant of the fighting 69th, at which the non-com became utterly and com-

pletely confused. "Where did you get that decoration?" queried the commander-in-chief benignly, meaning, of course, in what battle? "At the quartermaster's!" answered the blushing sergeant all atremble! Pershing then addressed us in an excellent set speech stressing particularly the idea that men who had fought and bled like those in the Rainbow division should never let anyone belittle the contribution of America to success in the war. He seemed to hint strongly at organized efforts being set on foot to minimize the role that the United States had played. This movement, he minced no words in saying, he could not condemn strongly enough.

The return ocean voyage, about fifteen days, was uneventful except for one or two incidents. On Good Friday someone had arranged, with surprising bad taste, for a dance that evening. There were a number of army nurses, Y. M. C. A. ladies and French brides aboard, but I never found out who originated the idea. Catholic and Protestant chaplains formally protested, so the whole thing was squelched. In place of the dance that Good Friday I advertised a three o'clock service including beads and sermon. The response was very good—about one hundred attending, including some officers.

Another embarrassing thing happened that same Good Friday. A meeting of the eight or ten chaplains was called for, in the state-room of the fine young navy lieutenant in charge of all entertainment, services and social activities on board. I had asked for the use of the largest hall not only for Good Friday services but for our four Masses on Easter Sunday. Possibly fearing that he was favoring the Catholics (though not one himself) he called a joint meeting about 2:30 P. M. to talk things over.

A Protestant chaplain spoke first, strongly advocating a "union service" on deck for all denominations for Easter Sunday. The ministers to a man were evidently for it, even after I objected that we priests felt we had more than we could do to get out all our

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Catholics. Therefore I suggested that all should try to get their own to turn out—a most difficult thing in any case. But the ranking Protestant chaplain stuck stubbornly to his guns even going so far as to suggest that I "read an antiphon" at the proposed love-feast—assuring everybody that nothing controversial or dogmatic would be touched on at the non-sectarian service. We Catholics of course had the numbers and this idea seemed part of the Protestant "comrades-in-service" movement for union of churches that was then being pushed. A paper advocating the idea had already been launched. An invitation had even been extended for exchange of pulpits between them and us after the war. The meeting adjourned before 3 P.M. so that we Catholics could hold our Good Friday services. All the chaplains, it was agreed, were to reassemble at 4. In the meantime I talked things over with the other priests. I then looked up the senior chaplain and told him privately that we Catholics could take no steps whatever toward church union without first consulting our bishops. The best thing he could do under the circumstances, I suggested, would be to drop the union service idea entirely, each church going it alone. As I expected, our 4 masses were crowded. The other services were not well attended.

The communions that Easter Sunday were considerably increased by numerous sailors aboard who had not seen a priest for a year. Some had been doing shore-duty at inaccessible points along the English coast. So many came to my state-room for confession on Holy Saturday night that my minister room-mate very kindly vacated quarters again and again, because it had become a sort of confessional. Each sailor returning to the hold seemed to become an apostle and send up another till I thought it would never end.

We received a royal welcome in Boston harbor, tugs meetings us, flags flying, whistles blowing, reception committees at the dock with endless gifts of candy, cigarettes, free telegrams, etc. They even waved blan-

kets out of windows as our train started for Camp Ayer where we were finally mustered out of service.

My last souvenir of the war is one that impressed me deeply at the time and somehow keeps recurring. We were waiting in line "to sign the pay-roll" for the last time. During a slight delay an elderly Baptist chaplain looked at me and said thoughtfully: "Father, you and I have been good friends in the army. Now we have to go back to civil life and be enemies. Isn't it too bad!" Of course, he didn't mean truly "enemies" —but would that what he did mean weren't so!

LETTER FROM JAMAICA MISSION

From Linstead, Jamaica, center of eight mission congregations which he and Father Hennessey care for, Father James Harney writes:

My missions are a consolation to me and though they have presented many difficulties I think that a great deal of good work has been accomplished. I have already received a number of people into the Church this year and the prospects for the future are very bright. Twenty-one little children have made their First Holy Communion, and though this number would be insignificant at home in the States, it means a great deal in a mission country. As a rule most of these little children are either converts or are the children of converts. At the Concord Mission which is hardly twelve years old I look out on a Sunday congregation of fifty and more and all with the exception of four or five are new Catholics. This congregation is very poor in the riches of this life but it is making great progress towards obtaining the riches of heaven. The grown-ups and the children are very faithful in attending Sunday Mass and in frequenting the Sacraments. It is here that I am building one of my churches and I feel certain that it will mean a great deal to the district.

Of course the life is not a bed of roses. It has many difficulties but difficulties are always to be expected in any walk of life. One of the greatest difficulties we encounter is the Protestant Tradition in the island. People will become Catholics and remain Catholics unto death but some will carry over the customs of the Protestant Churches. They will think nothing of attending the Protestant services and they find it hard to submit whole-heartedly to the Authority of the Catholic Church. Of course they will submit in theory but some fail in reducing the theory to practice. The priest must not expect too much and he must always remember that these poor souls have not had the blessing of the Catholic Tradition. Other converts be-

come as fine and as zealous Catholics as you could find in any part of the world. One consoling thought is that, whether good, bad or indifferent, nearly all cling to the Faith unto death. It is a rare exception that relapses into Protestantism.

Last week I had an East Indian wedding and though the couple were born in Jamaica many of the East Indian customs were observed. There are two wedding-feasts; the first at the home of the bride and the other at the home of the 'groom. I had to officiate at both and bless the cake at each feast. An East Indian served as Master of Ceremonies and I must say he was a very competent one. Many speeches were made and of course "Yours Truly" had to make one; rather I had to make two, one at each feast. It was rather amusing but a bit difficult to address the same bridal couple twice on the same day. The feast at the bride's home was a rather gala affair, and it seems to be at this time that they stress the feast as it is the last time that the girl lives with her parents.

Besides the wedding-feast there was an exhibition (if one may call it an exhibition) of East Indian music and dancing. The women are not allowed to dance and so a man dressed as a woman does the dancing and he is accompanied by East Indian music and singing. The orchestra was composed of four men who played with some special bells (the like of which I have never seen before), an instrument that was something like a guitar, and a drum which resembled a keg. The drum had two heads and the drummer held it before himself and played it by striking the drumheads with the palms of his hands. It was rather novel to hear the different notes he could strike on his drum.

Then one man kept singing in Hindustani, or some East Indian dialect and the dancer kept time with movements of the body. Evidently he had been dancing for a long time, most likely for the whole night, as he seemed very tired. However, he became much animated when a handkerchief was dropped on the floor and a sixpence was placed in the middle of the handkerchief. This he would approach with a slow

rhythmic dance (rather a slow rhythmic creeping) with eyes fixed on the coin and when he had evidently reached the proper distance for the performance of his act he would bend his body over and around like a contortionist and pick up the coin in his mouth; then he would whirl around a few times as an evident expression of his success. The dance was very modest and it was more in the form of a ballet in which the dancer by his movements portrayed the theme of the song and the music.

Such activities precede the wedding-feasts for a few days, or better, for a few nights. The group had been brought from Kingston but there was a local group which vied with the one from Kingston. I was told there had been plenty of rivalry between the two troupes but when I arrived on the scene only the Kingston one was performing, and I marvelled at the way they kept on playing without time out for rest. The music and singing seem to have a touch of mysticism and to my ear was a bit weird at times and almost too sorrowful for a wedding-feast. It was almost an illustration of Kipling's "oh, east is east and west is west and ne'er the twain shall meet." The banquet table was just the opposite. There "east" and "west" met in a very happy mood. There were East Indians, Jamaicans, Chinese and a "Hennessey" and a "Harney" all of whom met and united in playing a tribute to the bride and the 'groom.

The East Indians, as a race, have many qualities which make them suitable for understanding the Catholic Religion; at least many points of it. They are religious by nature and they are strong opponents of divorce and birthcontrol. They believe that the children should marry when they are young; thus they claim that they will grow up and love one another and that this love will grow stronger as the years pass. Devotion of husband and wife and devotion of parents to their children are most admirable. A good East Indian woman would never think of allowing her servant to cook her husband's meals; that is an honour which she reserves for herself.

OBITUARY

FATHER WILLIAM J. McGUCKEN

1889-1943

William Joseph McGucken had a remarkable love and respect for Cardinal Newman. And the reason for this real devotion of his maturer years was his own appreciation of the magnificent honesty and devotion to principle, which was devotion to Christ, that the Cardinal showed him the way to achieve in his own life; for the lives of the two were lived on the same cross and their triumphs were analogous.

Each knew his own power. Each knew the strength and capacity of his mind. Each knew that he could excell in any competition he chose to enter. Each knew, what was obvious, that he was superior in talent and mental discipline to most of the men he was ever to meet. And each found himself blocked, each found himself perforce spending rare riches on rough work. And each achieved superb peace of soul because, through sheer, dogged intellectual realization of the Will of God and through positively spendthrift love of the Person of Jesus Christ, each accomplished marvels and never "pleased himself."

Concretely this means that Father McGucken's life was thickly strewn with periods when he was listening, straining to hear clearly enough the Will of God in his regard. Born in Milwaukee March 10, 1889, and educated at Holy Rosary parochial school and Marquette, he waited a year after graduating from the College of Arts, teaching in the high school and reading the riddle of the divine call.

Arriving at the Novitiate at Florissant July 25, 1910, he undertook the self-discipline that resulted in such accurate and schooled control that he was able to do that hardest of all hard things for a man as intellectually endowed as he; he could "suffer fools gladly"

and without stunning rebuke for their folly. He was too alive to the possible good in every one and too delightfully aware of the humanity and personality of a man to think poorly of him for his slow wits.

At Florissant he learned in more poised and fuller fashion to subordinate his natural qualities with an ungrudging heart and with unsuspected power of self-sacrifice to whatever was manifest to him as the Will of God. It was well that he did. He was sent teaching after one year of Juniorate to find that the first World War and the needs of Chicago's St. Ignatius High School put him teaching freshman mathematics four and five hours a day.

In philosophy and theology he worked as never beavers worked—but effortlessly, as far as his companions could see. Ordinations came in 1923; the last two years of his theology he took in Europe. There, too, he worked untiringly studying European modes of education—the field to which he was assigned.

There were the years when the dichotomy of his mind was last noticeable. He had a certain preparation to make, and he was making it. God clearly willed that he do these things. He did them with all his heart, allowing the surely unique charm of all his humane and lovable qualities to stand out and to find free expression in his dealings with his Jesuit brethren. He relished them; he loved them; and he seemingly could never do enough to make them happy in their lives.

His rapid and brilliant course for the Doctorate at Chicago University was the last period of perfect tranquility in the mind of Father McGucken. With the beginning of his teaching career as a priest this tranquility almost vanished.

After tertianship he was assigned to the School of Education of St. Louis University. (The school has since had several names and is now known as University College.) It was so infinitesimal in the number of its full-time students that it might be said to be living then exclusively on twilight, that is, on its late-afternoon classes and on hopes.

At this task he fretted, for once more it was taking

much effort of will to be able to understand that the Will of God was being worked out in his life by the work he was undertaking. However, faced with the obvious fact that "there he was," he did not for a moment grow slack. He hewed marvelously on the ungracious, exiguous granite he was given until a school began to appear, well limned, and a structure sound and intellectually responsible was made. At a later date he was appointed General Prefect of Studies for the Missouri Province. In this office his talents attracted most attention.

In the midst of preoccupation, Father McGucken saw to it that the demands of religious life were not slighted. He loved to deal with his brethren because they were his friends. And his charity to the sick was astonishingly thorough and completely inconspicuous. He always had time to drop everything to help another. His unobtrusive charity was evident in his genuine concern for the advancement of the younger members of the Society, in his tolerant attitude towards the willing but perhaps less successful. How often, too, when occasion offered, he found time for the written note of sympathy or of congratulation, of encouragement or of thanks, to one of his fellow-religious.

And then his own turn for suffering came with the "strokes" which dumped him rudely into a long beckoning sick-bed—a very Procrustean bed for him. But his spirit never flagged, his courage never lessened a minute fraction, and his industry simply took on other shapes. If we do not count his very learned and most useful doctoral dissertation, which he amended and published, he wrote his first book while vacationing and recuperating from a major illness.

Imbued with the spirit of community life, he did his part dutifully to foster this virtue. He made it a point to attend faithfully the common recreation, where he could be counted upon to furnish interest and diversion from daily cares. His laugh was infectious. And he laughed most heartily in the recreation room. If his quick wit or keen observation led him at times to critical expression of his views, one felt that there

was more of observation and of wit, and less of animus and of intention.

Before he was really back on his feet after the first of several "strokes," Father McGucken was at the active work of teaching. And this period of his life was truly constructive. His influence began to be felt in the learned societies he joined, in the committees, both national and Jesuit, to which he was drafted. He wrote the Catholic side in a symposium of the ablest educators in the country. He wrote often and he wrote with telling precision, clarity, and force. And he spoke at many and many a convention.

However, the work that lay nearest his heart was his work with his own younger brethren, with the scholastics at study and with the Jesuits at work in the teaching field. He was completely clear and satisfied as to God's Will in this province of his apostolate. It was that Jesuits be able, be qualified, be leaders in the business of teaching and in their own personal appreciation of and quest for knowledge and culture and ranging vision and depth.

He taught the scholastics with a tolerance for their youth, and sometimes, for their recklessness that bewildered those who knew the forthrightness of his spirit and the uncompromising character of his mind and principles. He counselled, encouraged, kept at a higher level of efficiency those who were teaching. He spied out good qualities in the young men of the Society and attempted in every feasible way to see to it that those qualities got development. And he could lead!

He had a special interest in the teaching of religion, both in high schools and in colleges. He undoubtedly contributed more to the future development of that thorny science and art by the course he gave the scholastics than did any other single influence that otherwise entered their lives. He knew that they must know, accurately, exactly, but also with the heart.

And the most cherished point of all his instruction, the one matter about which he allowed himself the unaccustomed indulgence of a boast was in his efforts to show the scholastics what the Mass was and how it

mattered. For the Mass was with a certain, rumming insistence the beginning and the end of his own spiritual life. In the Mass he found comfort and strength for himself. In the Mass he personally found the solution of his own personal and burning problem—the actual, clear, and almost intoxicating evidence from the Person of Christ of the perfect manner of executing the Will of God.

He died November 5, 1943, on one last mission for the Society and in one last enterprise that concerned its educational life and vitality. Perhaps, when the inexorable summons came, the least surprised of all was Father McGucken himself. During the past several years, he had frequently brushed elbows with Death, and where preparedness was the paramount issue, he was never the one to be caught unready. No longer fearful of death, he had grown to speak with familiarity of its nearness.

The when or the where had come to matter little. In any case, the King would find him in suffering and toil; for among the meditations of the Exercises his favorite was that of the Kingdom of Christ; and it was his determination "to signalize himself in every kind of service" and to offer his whole person in labor for the Eternal King and Universal Lord. May he rest in peace.

FATHER JOSEPH M. HAAS

1868-1943

The Apostolic work of the parish with its varied duties was the appointment that Father Haas devotedly carried on for 25 years after the beginning of his active ministry in 1907. His first assignment was in Cleveland.

For this work Father Haas was well fitted. He

seemed to be drawn naturally to the lowly and simple-hearted: little children and the poor. His enduring interest in the study of doctrine and devotion blended admirably with his simplicity and clarity of expression to make Father Haas an excellent catechist as well as an effective preacher of catechetical sermons. These two offices, of catechist and preacher, together with his kindness in the confessional, made him a beloved priest in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Mankato.

Born at Buffalo, N. Y., on August 30, 1868, Joseph Haas attended St. Ann's parish church and school. His secondary and college education he received at Canisius College, at that time a house of the old Buffalo Mission, and on September 1, 1891, he entered the Novitiate of the mission at Prairie du Chien.

Novitiate and juniorate completed, Mr. Haas was sent, in the fall of 1896, to the German scholasticate at Valkenburg for his philosophy and theology. Here he developed the studious habits and particularly the interest in theology and church history that were to characterize even the years of failing mental powers toward the close of his life. Even then a discussion of some moral problem would attract his eager and vigorous participation.

After his ordination to the priesthood in 1901, Father Haas made his Tertianship at Wijnansdonde in Holland, 1901-02, and then returned to the United States to begin his work as a priest of the Society of Jesus.

At Campion college he spent one year (1903-04) as prefect of studies. This was followed by a three-year period as minister of the residence at Mankato. It was at the end of this term that Father Haas was sent to Cleveland.

Despite qualities of mind and character that made Father Haas the peer of many of his brethren, he was not infrequently ill at ease with them. He seemed to find the informalities and frictions of community life particularly hard to bear. Only very gradually could he adapt himself to a new community. If one can judge by external indications, Father Haas must have been ex-

tremely sensitive to the little hurts and injuries that are almost inseparable from common life. In the midst of even the largest community he was always a lonely man, and through the years he tended increasingly to seek solitude. Still he was not a morose, nor even an unpleasant character. From timidity and diffidence he avoided meetings with visitors to the community, although, if he were surprised into an encounter, he was an interesting, gracious, and congenial companion.

Much of his leisure was spent in study and much, too, in long, solitary walks. It was these walks that gave him opportunities for contact with types of men, especially vagrants and destitute people, not often encountered by our Fathers. During his years at St. Joseph's and later at St. Charles, Father Haas carried on his apostolate among the outcasts he met. His own mental sufferings during these years deepened his sympathy for their hardships and distress, so that he was able to give them supernatural encouragement with the radiant vision and grace of Christ.

Even in his failing years Father Haas remained a kindly and inspiring director of souls. After St. Mary's was opened as a Theologate, Father Haas was appointed a house confessor. One of the theologians paid him the great compliment of remarking that in him, he had found *the* confessor.

Father Haas died quietly and peacefully on October 26, 1943, only a short time after the celebration of his golden jubilee on September 1, 1941. May he rest in peace.

BROTHER BERNARD HINDERHOFER

1860-1943

"Who makes the trees grow?" asked the zealous teacher of the elementary catechism class at St. Francis Mission.

"Brother Shoemaker," was the youngster's confident and unhesitating reply.

Of course, the children had been drilled in the answer that it is God in Whom we live, and move and are. And with this qualification, the child was entirely correct. It took thirty-eight years to change the barren, sand-swept mission to an oasis. Today, 22,000 trees gracing the prairie "where no tree could grow" are a living memorial to the labors of the little shoemaker.

When seventeen years old, in 1877, Bernard Hinderhofer saw with horror one morning that during the night a drunken fellow had carried out his threat to smash into bits a large crucifix in the parlor. Then and there Bernard made up his mind to become a humble shoemaker to atone for this indignity to his crucified Saviour.

Seeking to earn a living at his adopted trade, Bernard found himself at the Jesuit College in Feldkirch. He began to ply his hammer and awl for the Jesuits, and continued to do so for sixty years, for here, too, he found his religious vocation. The little Brother Blitz-schuster—who had picked up gardening as a side line—arrived at St. Francis Mission in August, 1899.

Brother Hinderhofer, alias Shoemaker, became also the grand almoner. Many a day he had to feed up to fifty Indian visitors at the school. His memoirs indicate that through the years he served about a million meals!

All his work he did smilingly, talking and trotting—he had no time to walk—in spite of the ailments which came with advancing years. Small in body, he had the will-power and endurance of a giant. He could never do enough for his crucified Saviour. Up to the end, November 30th, 1943, he remained the King's faithful little shoemaker. May he rest in peace.

VARIA

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE

The American Assistancy.—

Gripsholm.—Father John A. Lennon, S.J., just returned from Japanese-occupied China on the Gripsholm, gives the following up-to-date news of Jesuits in the Far East.

"When we said good-bye on Sunday morning, September 19th, we left behind us interned within the walls of the mission compound at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, a group of 55 so called 'enemy aliens', whose only crime, as the Japanese told Maryknoll Fathers at Dairen was that they were 'unfortunate enough to have been born in America or other enemy countries.' When we had answered the first roll-call on April 13, 1943, we numbered 64, including American, Canadian, British, Belgian and Dutch Jesuits, Australian and American Missionaries of St. Columban, American Maryknollers, British and Dutch Salesians, and one Marist Brother of British nationality. When the call came for two chaplains for the large camp, or more correctly Civilian Assembly Center, at Yangchow, Fr. Milner, S.J., and James Thornton, S.J., volunteered. In other Civilian Assembly Centers in the vicinity of Shanghai, Frs. Leo McGreal and Wilfred LeSage were at Lungwha, and Frs. Thomas Phillips and John Magner at the Yu Yuen Road Public School.

Our life at Zi-ka-wei followed the ordinary daily order of the community, with the one exception that once a day, usually at 11:15 a. m. one of the Japanese officials came to check us over. Apart from that we were not bothered by their presence. We priests were not allowed to preach or hear confessions of outsiders, to receive or make visits or telephone calls; all had to remain within the compound walls. For a necessary visit to a dentist or doctor, written permission had to

be given by the daily inspector—a permission readily granted.

The Scholastics continued their theological studies; and at the beginning of the present scholastic year, Fr. Charles McCarthy joined Fr. Frank Rouleau on the staff of the theologate; and Messrs. John Brennan and Joseph Donohoe began their course of theology. Frs. Gerald Pope, Thomas Carroll, Daniel Clifford, Richard Meagher, Maurice Meyers, and James Thornton (if he can leave the civilian camp at Yangchow) are making their Tertianship.

Frs. Francis X. Farmer, Ralph Deward, Stanislaus Fitzgerald, James Kearney, and John Lipman are living in the Residence adjoining the Theological. Frs. Mark Falvey and Joseph Gatz were still in Soochowfu, interned with the Canadian Jesuits when we left Shanghai, but were expected to arrive at Zi-ka-wei shortly after our departure.

American Jesuit activities in the Shanghai area are providentially being carried on by others. Gonzaga College is going ahead under the able direction of Fr. Justo Jerez, S.J., who was here on the Coast a few years ago. The school, staffed by Chinese professors under Mr. Joseph Zi, an alumnus of the college and for the past several years its Chinese director, has an enrollment of 320 boys in the middle school, and over 600 children in the primary school. The parish of Christ the King, formerly under Frs. McGreal, Kearney, Lipman and LeSage, is now cared for by two Irish priests of the St. Columban Missionary Society, Frs. McWilliams and Collins; as holders of Irish Free State passports, they are considered neutrals. They also attend to the publication of the Catholic Review, a monthly which Msgr. A Haouisee had entrusted to Frs. Kearney and Lipman. The Sunday evening radio talks inaugurated several years ago by our Fathers are now being given by Irish Scholastics from Hong Kong, who are studying theology at Zi-ka-wei. The work for the Russians also goes on uninterrupted. When Frs. Wilcock and Milner, of the English province, and Meyers of the Chicago Province were interned at

Zi-ka-wei, two more Irishmen stepped into the breach, a Franciscan, Fr. Chambers, and a Columban, Fr. O'Collins.

So, all in all, things are not too bad for our internees at Zi-ka-wei and in the Civilian assembly centers. When we left, prices were astronomically high in the local currency, still at Zi-ka-wei the gardens furnished sufficient food for table, and all went to work with a cheerful smile. The parting word to all of us as we rode away was one of good wishes to all the friends of the China mission, and a promise that God's work would continue in China despite all the difficulties and obstacles put in its way."

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Patna Mission.—The Jesuits of the Chicago province, numbering 106, have been laboring in and about Patna since 1921. Success throughout India in mission work has been phenomenal, for in the past ten years the number of Catholics has increased 33 per cent bringing the total to over 4,055,000.

Chaplain Speaks.—His hands and wrists revealing the marks of long months of torture in five German concentration camps, Captain Pierre Goube, S.J., lectured recently in Chicago. He is now chaplain of the Free French Flying Cadets who are training with American flyers in various parts of the country.

MARYLAND PROVINCE

Belgian Statesmen at Georgetown.—Mr. Frans Van Cauwelaert, Minister of State and President of the

House of Representatives of Belgium was guest of the faculty of Georgetown Thursday evening, January 20, 1944, at the invitation of Col. Joseph S. Daugherty, Commandant of the ASTP unit at the Hilltop.

Mr. Van Cauwelaert was a guest of honor at the Retreat ceremony and parade of 1,440 of the Georgetown soldier-students. At 7:30 P. M., after dinner with the Jesuit faculty, the Belgian Minister made the following address to the Army cadets of the foreign area and language section studying French in the School of Foreign Service:

"I consider it a very great honor to have been invited by your distinguished commandant, Colonel Dougherty, to attend this Retreat ceremony; and I was very much impressed by the military perfection of your parade. I congratulate you sincerely.

"Great duties will be yours in the near future. You are highly favored in having the opportunity to prepare yourselves for them under the auspices of such a famous institution of higher education as Georgetown University, and under the guidance of an eminent body of professors such as this University is qualified to provide. You are living on the grounds where such immortal military leaders and statesmen as George Washington, Lafayette, and Foch once have addressed other assemblies of young Americans such as you. I am convinced that their memories are inspiring you in your work, and will later be a powerful incentive to you as you accomplish with honor the great task to which you are dedicated, the task of liberating the world from the worst forces of evil that have ever appeared on the battlefields of history. A Provident God has selected your country to be the strong arm of His justice and afterwards a mighty builder of mankind's future. You will take up with enthusiasm your share in the realization of such a unique destiny.

"I was deeply moved while listening to the Belgian anthem as it was played by your fine band. I thank you whole-heartedly for this delicate attention. My thoughts were wandering out to the shores of our North Sea, and the impatiently expected day when the American and British armies will break down the iron walls behind which all my fellow countrymen and some very dear relatives are suffer-

ing in a thousand ways, and will restore to my country its independence and its time-honored liberties. Some of you will be among the liberators. I don't need to give you the assurance that you will be welcomed with joy and gratitude, but I can add with certainty that you find us at the same time a people who, although exhausted by years of privation and illtreatment, are still as proud as they were in the most glorious days of their history, a people worthy of your lasting friendship.

"I express to every one of you my best wishes for a brilliant and successful future, and, after victory, a happy return to your families.

"I thank you."

MISSOURI PROVINCE

The Queen's Work Writer Selected.—Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J., of the staff of The Queen's Work, St. Louis, American Sodality central office, has been commissioned to write an 800-word article on "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," for the encyclopedia, "Brittanica Junior."

St. Louis Theologians.—Two pamphlets by Mr. Southard, **Almighty Magic** and **Reporter in Heaven,** have been published. Two series of sermons, over a hundred in number by different theologians, are being published by a Harrisburg firm, through the instrumentality of Mr. McAuliffe.

An Alumnus Remembers.—Jesuit Seminary Aid has been left $350,000 in the will of a Marquette alumnus, Mr. Frederick Miller of the Miller Brewery Company. On January 19, a Month's Mind High Mass was celebrated in the Gesu for Mr. Miller, at which the Gesu school children attended.

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

Jesuit Honored.—St. Louis University has conferred on the Rev. Henry Tiblier, S.J., of Spring Hill College, the rare degree of Magister Aggregatus on the authority of the Gregorian University in Rome, where Father Tiblier was about to take his examination when the outbreak of war between Italy and the United States made it necessary for him to leave; he already had his doctor of Philosophy degree. He was directed subsequently to report to St. Louis University for the examination, at which the Rev. Henri Joseph Renard, S.J., presided.

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Earthquake Detected.—On Dec. 23, at 6 a. m., Father Joseph Lynch, S.J., director of the Fordham Seismograph Observatory, found a recording on the drum which by his calculations indicated a major earthquake disturbance in the South Pacific about in the Solomons or New Guinea.

By V-mail on Jan. 2, he got a letter from a former student of his, now in the armed forces in the South Pacific (location cannot be named), telling him that on Dec. 24 (the time out there is a day later) an earthquake occurred just under his feet more or less and threw him to the ground. He did not recover for several minutes. After rubbing his sore nose he immediately sent a letter to Father Lynch reporting the quake and "hoped that it went all the way north to Tojo."

Fifty Years In Same Post.—Brother Claude Ramaz, S.J., completed fifty years of continuous service with the Messenger of the Sacred Heart on Thursday, Jan.

27. For most of these decades he has been in charge of the production and circulation of the magazine.

Born in Lyons, France, on Nov. 27, 1868, Brother Ramaz was brought to the United States in early childhood by his parents who settled in New York City. His father died when Brother Ramaz was four years of age, and his mother during his eighteenth year, at which time he was employed in a clerical position.

Two years after his mother's death he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Md., on March 19, 1888. He was stationed there for almost six years.

On January 27, 1894, he was assigned to assist the editors of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart, whose publication office was then located in Philadelphia.

In 1922-23 he planned and supervised the construction of the modern and efficient printing plant at Fordham in which The Messenger of the Sacred Heart and the other publication of the Apostleship of Prayer are produced, and has since directed its operation. The constant improvement in the quality and attractiveness of the magazine and the other Apostleship of Prayer publications have been due largely to his skillful management, his prudent judgment, his sure grasp of business details, and his expert knowledge of the technical process of publication.

On March 19, 1938, Brother Ramaz celebrated his golden jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus. Now the still rarer occasion, of the completion of fifty years of continuous service in the same post, will be marked by appropriate ceremonies and affectionate felicitations from the editors of The Messenger of the Sacred Heart and his other fellow workers in the promotion of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Without the slightest exaggeration it can be said that Brother Ramaz has been an inspiration to all who deal with him. His kindly good-nature, his solid though unobtrusive piety, his self-effacing humility, and above all his tireless zeal for the glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom on earth, win the affection, the admiration, and the genuine respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

OREGON PROVINCE

Soldiers Receive Instruction.—Many Oregonians are among the theologians who, in cooperation with Father Fallon of Kenrick Seminary, are giving correspondence courses in religion to men in the armed forces, both to prospective converts and to Catholics who have never received instruction. Several "pupils" have already received Baptism and their First Holy Communion.

Distinguished Visitors in Northwest.—Jesuit houses in the Northwest entertained a distinguished visitor last month when Father Pius Moore, of the California province mission band, passed through on his way to California. His cross-country trip was the conclusion of a long journey from Shanghai to New York where with 162 other repatriated American missionaries, he disembarked from the steamer Gripsholm on December 1. Father Moore, former student and teacher at Gonzaga University, had been interned with other French, Canadian and American missionaries, in China since the outbreak of the war.

From Other Countries—

BELGIAN CONGO

Jesuit Botanist Dies.—Brother Gillet, S.J., founder of the Botanical Gardens at Kisanty, Belgian Congo, who died recently, was one of Africa's greatest horticultural and agricultural authorities, the Belgian Information Center in New York says. He introduced into Africa crops which have become staple foods among the natives, and developed a number of new plants. He was a leader in the battle against soil erosion.

CUBA

Noted Scientist Dies.—The Rev. Mariano Gutierrez Lanza, S.J., widely known as director of the Belen College Observatory, has died at the age of seventy-eight. Father Lanza was at Georgetown University and the Jesuit House at Florissant, Mo., at the turn of the century. He was born at Pardave, Spain, and entered the Loyola novitiate of the Society of Jesus at the age of eighteen, and five years later continued his studies at Ona, Burgos.

Father Gutierrez Lanza first came to Cuba in 1891 and taught physics and chemistry at Belen until 1896 when he returned to Ona for further studies. He was ordained in 1889 and went to Washington in 1900 for special study at Georgetown University and the Naval Observatories before returning to Cuba two years later. In 1907 he became director of the Seismological Station at Belen Observatory, and in 1920 of the Monserrate College Observatory. In 1924 he returned to Belen as director of the observatory.

Hurricanes in the Antilles were the special study of this Jesuit scientist and he is credited with having saved many lives. He was the author of numerous books on such subjects as cyclones, earthquakes and Cuban climatology.

ITALY

Vatican City.—The Holy Father suspended all Papal audiences for the duration of spiritual exercises which started November 28 and ended December 4. His Holiness participated in the exercises which were conducted by Father Ambrogio Fiocchi, S.J.